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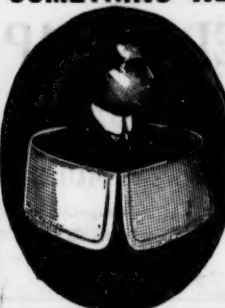
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AN INDEX to VOLUME LXXIX. (July-Dec., 1910) of THE ACADEMY will be forwarded post-free for 1d. to any address on application to the Publisher, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AFTER a period of comparative quiescence, the strikers in the mining district of South Wales, which was the scene of so many lamentable disturbances last year, have again broken into open defiance of law and order. Rioting has been rife during the last week; eighteen constables have been incapacitated, and the extreme course of placing the locality under martial law has been seriously discussed. In this connection the publication by the Home Office of Major-General Macready's report seems to us a most regrettable blunder. Immediately upon its appearance the rioting was renewed, and it was actually utilised as a justification for behaviour which should be impossible, and is almost incredible, in a civilised country. To loot a man's shop and make a bonfire of his books in the street savours more of the days of civil war or invasion. Bearing in mind the recent outcry against Mr. Runciman for permitting a circular to be issued from the Education Office without his personal inspection and sanction, we cannot help holding the opinion that the authorities of the Home Office are deserving of

grave censure for allowing the premature publication of Major-General Macready's report on the strike question. It was a confidential document, and should have been held back until its appearance could in no way prejudice the position of affairs in the area affected by the strike. Tact—to say nothing of common sense—seems a quality strangely lacking in those at the head of our public departments, and we are not surprised when we hear earnest desires expressed, even from those whose political opinions differ from our own, for a return to the days of high statesmanship and judicious administration which now seem so far off.

With all due respect for whatever opinions two such distinguished actors as Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. George Alexander may think it fitting to express, we tremble at the idea of theatre stalls filled with a public "in tweeds and sailors' knots." Those who advocate the disregard of the custom of evening dress for the best parts of the house forget, perhaps, that a certain sense of comfort and well-being pervades the assembly of faultlessly-dressed men and women, a sense which greatly conduces to the enjoyment of the play, and which spreads subtly to invigorate the other parts of the house where a less rigorous attire prevails. But there are other considerations hardly less important. What, we may ask, would the population of the pit find as a theme of conversation were its members deprived of the solemn joy of criticising the dresses and *coiffures* so near, and yet so far, during the *entr'acte*? What would become of the genuine thrill of pleasure engendered by the spectacle, considered merely as a beautiful picture, of a crowd of English men and English women of the best type in evening dress, gay and contented? We do not say that the theatre-goer who by emergencies of time or distance is compelled to present himself in ordinary garb should be cast into the outer darkness, since such emergencies happen at times to us all; but we do say that as a custom evening dress should be maintained for certain parts of the theatre. One never knows what the gradual slackening of such a rule will lead to; it may be that some day we shall see the stalls full of people who have rushed up to town fresh from a bout of energetic gardening, with straws in their hair and sweet-peas on the brain, clad in costumes which will be varied and picturesque but somewhat unappealing to the sense of beauty. Then will come the pipe, and the lowering of prices, and through a haze of incense ascending from well-seasoned briars and a penetrating smell of surreptitiously sucked oranges the actors will behold the final triumph of the blouse, the sailor's knot, and the tweed as "the real, right thing" for evening wear.

The list of lectures to be delivered at the Royal Institution after Easter is exceptionally comprehensive and interesting. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley will discourse upon Cardinal Manning, the Decay of Idealism in France and of Tradition in England, and the Institute of France, in a series of three addresses. Professor F. W. Mott takes for his theme the Brain and the Hand; Dr. W. N. Shaw discusses Aviation from a scientific standpoint, and Mr. Thorne-Baker will expound the latest practical developments in Wireless Telegraphy. Those who have had the pleasure of listening to Professor Selwyn Image will be glad to see his name down for three lectures on Ruskin, William Morris, and Walter Pater; Mr. W. L. Courtney takes the classical side with two lectures entitled Types of Greek Women. Phases of Bird Life will be treated by Mr. W. P. Pyecraft. Other distinguished names figure in the list, among whom Professors Flinders Petrie, Gilbert Murray, R. W. Wood (of the Johns Hopkins University), and William Stirling may be noted.

A HEART'S CRADLE SONG

Grieve not, poor heart, that daffodils are dead
 And summer grasses withered 'neath the sky,
 Grieve not that every golden hour is fled,
 That murmuring in the darkening tops of trees,
 Where brown leaves die,
 Borne on each plaintive breeze,
 The song of Autumn, poignant with distress,
 Makes a sad minstrelsy,
 Bewailing Summer's loveliness
 Too soon gone by.
 Grieve not, poor heart.

Grieve not, poor heart, that love hath taken a sword
 And severed each strong tie that bound us twain,
 Grieve not, for seeing that the spoken word,
 Once spoken, like the fateful chance gone by,
 Comes not again,
 Though hours of ecstasy
 And vows of passion, born of Love's delight,
 Are barren and in vain,
 Though radiant day is turned to night
 And joy to pain,
 Grieve not, poor heart.

Grieve not, poor heart; the magic birth of Spring
 Would come less welcome but for Winter's blight.
 Grieve not, each hour of gladness Time must bring
 Will be but lovelier, free from sorrow's stain,
 When put to flight,
 As sunshine scatters rain.
 Joy conquers sorrow, and the grief of years
 Fades like the night
 When morn from out the East appears
 Crowned with light.
 Grieve not, poor heart.

C. S.

THE SLOTH OF THE INCOME-TAX PAYER

In our issue of January 14th of the present year we called attention to the probability of a large surplus at the close of the financial year, and we asked, "Is that surplus to be devoted to the relief of those who have produced it?" We endeavoured to furnish a rallying cry whilst there was yet time, the import of which could not be overlooked by any Government. The Income-tax payer has remained absolutely cold; he glories in his abasement and hugs his chains. Peel and his progeny—Free Trade and Income-tax—are apparently the fetishes of those who are too lax or too craven to make their power felt. What the men of 1816 revolted against and secured the abolition of, the supermen of 1911 tranquilly accept and kiss hands for.

Maudlin sentimentality has so gripped the nation that notions of fair treatment and common honesty are immediately surrendered when some Socialistic nostrum is put forward to be financed by the methods of the footpad.

There is an estimated surplus of not less than £8,000,000. Not a suggestion is put forward that the Income-tax payer is to receive any relief. On the contrary, hare-brained schemes are shadowed forth on absolutely unsound actuarial bases to swallow up the surplus, and to impose in the future further burdens on the patient draught animal. "An ass endures his burden, but not more than his burden;" the super-ass will endure any addition to his load.

In January last we wrote:—

The Income-tax payer has shown extraordinary laxness in not protesting against being regarded as a milch-cow to provide sustenance for the support of Radical-Socialistic legislation. A body which is now called on to provide one-quarter of the total revenue derived from taxation is strong enough, if rallied and efficiently organised, to command attention to its protest.

Is the Income-tax payer inclined to submit cravenly to the absorption of the surplus he has created in order to finance, for the moment, the Bill which the Government promises to aid and stereotype imposture and malingering?

A few years ago the Peers committed a terrible crime: they positively delayed the passage of the Budget! Fire and fury raged through the land. All the rich imagery of the East-end was expended in denunciation of the too-daring hereditary legislators. The only excuse they could urge for their action was that it was adopted in the interests of sound finance and honesty. We now hear that postponement of the Budget is really a matter of no importance, and as the Government have been ordered by their Socialist taskmasters to remodel their measure of insurance so that relief may be provided for everybody, the Budget may stand over. It really does not matter.

In our previous article we traced the history of the Income-tax from its first imposition by Pitt as a temporary measure to cope with the enormous expenditure incurred in the Napoleonic wars. We noticed the abolition of the tax in 1816 in consequence of popular resentment. We showed how Peel reimposed the tax in 1842 as a necessary concomitant of the blessed policy of Free Trade. We showed how Mr. Gladstone in 1874 promised the total abolition of the tax if he were returned to power; how Mr. Disraeli was victorious, and retained the tax on the basis of 2d. in the pound.

In these days, if a Socialist is reminded that the Income-tax—essentially a tax on enterprise, employment, and success—has never been defended on other grounds than as a war tax, a smile puckers his face. According as he has command of language, he explains that it is as a war tax that he desires to use it—to wage a Jihad against prosperity capital, industry, and all that is valuable, responsible, and reputable in the land. He is a man of definite views, and is sufficiently forceful to brush aside the halting temporisers who pose as Moderates. He knows that the Income-tax payer is a poor creature with scarcely sufficient virility to utter even a feeble protest, incapable of combination, a negligible quantity.

Such has been the truth in the past—What of the future? Will Income-tax payers organise and combine? Will they send members to Parliament, whose first care shall be to guard them against spoliation, to secure fair-play, and to balance the demands of extortion as an equivalent for votes?

CECIL COWPER.

THE GOSPEL OF EXAGGERATION*

POOR old England, according to the tremendous arraignments of Mr. Bernard Shaw, is the most unfortunate country on the face of the earth. She is the home of a desperately immoral set of people, most of whom are either unhappily married or suffering from the "amatory infatuations of the adolescents"—which is Mr. Shaw's pleasant little way of referring to youthful love. They are people, too, who when they have time to struggle free from "the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive, and most transient of passions," are anything but nice in their behaviour or their code of ethics. The medical profession, for instance, in this pit of iniquity, "has an infamous character." "I do not know a single thoughtful and well-informed person," says Mr. Shaw, "who does not feel that the tragedy of illness at present is that it delivers you helplessly into the hands of a profession which you deeply mistrust." We are tempted to hazard the comment that Mr. Shaw does not know a single "thoughtful and well-informed person." The reason for this imputed mistrust of the doctor's craft is that "it not only advocates and practises the most revolting cruelties in the pursuit of knowledge, and justifies them on grounds which would equally justify practising the same cruelties on yourself or your children, or burning down London to test a patent fire-extinguisher, but, when it has shocked the public, tries to reassure it with lies of breath-bereaving brazenness." We are aghast with wonder that any sane, humane, or thoughtful individual can choose to live in such a disreputable country while there are peaks in Darien and Pacific islands left to which he might retire and save the remnants of his self-respect.

It will be seen from the above quotations that no outworn mantle of effete convention envelops the gesticulating form of Mr. Shaw; but neither is he garbed, we hasten to say, in the motley crowned with cap and bells which will soon become equally tame and conventional. It is the fashion with certain wise men to "gild the philosophic pill" too brilliantly, to play the acrobat with truth until the crowd is dazzled into applause, to stand a time-honoured, sober statement on its head, and bid us behold how exceedingly curious it looks upside-down; and some, if not most, of the critics have "placed" Mr. Shaw within this circus-ring of literature. To our thinking this is an estimate which can only be arrived at through hasty reading. Mr. Shaw is no clown; he can "wind up the watch of his wit" with the best of them when he wishes, or banter his opponents (who are generally his friends, happily enough) like a veritable Touchstone; but beneath his humour and his agility and his verbal felicities runs a very serious purpose, enforced by a logic that seems relentlessly cogent. If he is not quite the "reasonable, patient, consistent, apologetic, laborious person, with the temperament of a schoolmaster and the pursuits of a vestryman," which he professes to be in the dedicatory epistle of "Man and Superman," we can still quite appreciate the sentence which immediately follows: "No doubt that literary knack of mine which happens to amuse the British public distracts attention from my character; but the character is there none the less, solid as bricks." We should rather incline to pigeon-hole Mr. Shaw as the prophet of exaggeration, if he would consent to such an ignominious process as being pigeon-holed; and from those remarkable Prefaces to three of his plays plenty of evidence can be gathered for such a decision.

Let us take, in addition to the sentences already quoted, a

* *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Getting Married*, and *The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet*. With Prefaces. By Bernard Shaw. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

glance at some other pages that may enforce our contention. Under the heading of "Routine," in the "Preface on Doctors," we find that "a respectable man . . . will flog his boy for telling a lie because it is customary to do so. He will also flog him for not telling a lie if the boy tells inconvenient or disrespectful truths, because it is customary to do so." Here we have a notable confusion between telling the truth and *not* telling a lie. The poor boy is not flogged by any respectable man for not telling a lie—he is flogged for being rude, not having yet reached the age when he will realise that there is "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." It might be an irrefutable truth that the boy's grandmother was ugly; but if he told her so he would deserve his thrashing—not because he did not tell a lie, but because he was unquestionably rude. If we all told the truth, life would be one long free-fight. The worst of Mr. Shaw's exaggerations is that they often seem to prove how little he really knows, as when he says that "all children are annoying," or, on the same page, that "nine out of ten clergymen have no religious convictions; they are ordinary officials carrying on a routine of baptising, marrying, and churching, praying, reciting, and preaching"; or again, when he shakes the red flag in our faces by asserting as a "flat fact" that "English home-life to-day is neither honourable, virtuous, wholesome, sweet, clean, nor in any creditable way distinctively English."

The most striking instance of this exaggerative mood, perhaps, occurs on page 120, in the preface to "Getting Married." Mr. Shaw attended a "Conference of Married Men"—attended it as a young sociologist. The "Married Men" were representative, typical persons, who "enjoyed their smokes, their meals, their respectable clothes, their affectionate games with their children, their prospects of larger profits or higher salaries, their Saturday half-holidays and Sunday walks, and the rest of it." Yet, thanks to the distorting-lens through which Mr. Shaw habitually peers, it was to him a positively awful affair:—

Peter the Great would have been shocked; Byron would have been horrified; Don Juan would have fled from the conference into a monastery. . . . What they called patriotism was a conviction that because they were born in Tooting or Camberwell, they were the natural superiors of Beethoven, of Rodin, of Ibsen, of Tolstoy, and all other benighted foreigners. . . . They had, as to adults, a theory that human nature is so poor that it is useless to try to make the world any better; whilst, as to children, they believed that if they were only sufficiently lectured and whipped, they could be brought to a state of moral perfection such as no fanatic has ever ascribed to his deity. Though they were not intentionally malicious, they practised the most appalling cruelties from mere thoughtlessness, thinking nothing of imprisoning men and women for periods up to twenty years for breaking into their houses; of treating their children as wild beasts to be tamed by a system of blows and imprisonment which they called education; and of keeping pianos in their houses, not for musical purposes, but to torment their daughters with a senseless stupidity that would have revolted an inquisitor.

Here we have distortion indeed—a frantic argument from exceptions, and a surprising cheapness and futility. For those men, gathered together for the purpose of discussing marriage, were ordinary, contented married people; as Mr. Shaw admits in the very next sentence, "in short, dear reader, they were very like you and me." "I could fill a hundred pages," he goes on to say, "with the tale of our imbecilities, and still leave much untold; but what I have set down here haphazard is enough to condemn the system that produced us." Not a bit of it, Mr. Shaw; but it is quite enough to convince us that you are a very clever fellow, and that we can read what you write with the utmost enter-

tainment, picking out here and there the pills of good sense which are covered with such a piquant coating.

Many other questions besides those we have alluded to are treated high-handedly in these stimulating and energetic prefaces, but we have no space to deal with more at the present moment. Enough has already been written about these plays and their inseparable explanatory epistles to fill volumes—which illustrates the great peculiarity (perhaps we should say the great distinction) of their author: he cannot be neglected or shelved. His style of writing—the exaggerated argument from exceptional premisses—has brought him fame; it remains for the wise and judicious reader to wear a strong pair of astigmatic spectacles which shall straighten up the crooked lines of Mr. Shaw's logic and set the whole picture thus flaunted before our eyes into a more pleasing and correct focus.

WILFRED L. RANDELL.

TALKS WITH PAUL VERLAINE

By FRANK HARRIS

LIFE needs reporters, and creates them everywhere. Not a tree but keeps tale of the winters and summers it has passed, and in its knots and twists bears witness to the storms and strains it has endured.

Nature even, motionless and inarticulate Nature, is occupied with its own biography, and keeps its own record; buried forests write their story in coalfields; forgotten seas describe their vicissitudes, and show us the form and imprint of their inhabitants in chalk-cliffs and gravel-beds; the hardest granite and porphyry blocks testify to their fiery origin and describe the chief mishaps they have suffered. Even the blazing suns analyse themselves for the spectroscope, and invisible stars register their weight and orbit in the deflection of neighbouring planets. Perhaps there is not a thought in the mind which does not inscribe itself in the furthest star, and the palimpsest of the universe from the birth of time is repeated again in the being of the youngest child.

And if all creation, from the sun to the grain of sand, tells its story and records its fate, how much the more shall man sing his sorrow and his joy! For man is something more than a reporter; and that something more is the source and secret of his ineffable superiority: he is artist as well. He divines the hidden meaning in nature, the half-disclosed aim, and he does this by virtue of the fact that the eternal purpose works in him even more clearly than without him, and shows itself in his very growth. The artist is not content merely to report his sufferings and his pleasures, he makes epics of his adventures, dramas of his strugglings, lyrics of his love.

Some of us believe that this artist-function (because the latest in development) is the highest, that the statue of Hermes is more important than Greek life, that Tacitus and his History are more valuable than Rome, that all England and English worth found expression in Shakespeare, in fact that the dream of life itself is not so memorable as the telling. The workman and merchant, the lawyer and doctor, the man of science and lawgiver and priest all live and labour as material for the Singer. Nothing endures like the word: "it liveth and it conquereth for evermore."

It is not wonderful then that men should be curious about the poets and artists of their own time. They will take more and more interest in them, and not less, as they advance in wisdom. I need no excuse, therefore, for talking here of Verlaine, for he, too, was one of "the sacred band."

Paul Verlaine did not look like one's ideal of a poet: he is best to be seen in Rothenstein's pencil sketch; his likeness

to Socrates was extraordinary. One could have sworn that the old Silenus-mask was come to life again in him. But Verlaine had not the figure of the great fighter: though of average height he was punily made and inclined to be podgy. With his careless, slovenly dress he would have passed unnoticed in any street-crowd, French or English. He seemed, indeed, to wish to avoid remark: there was something timid and shy, a shrinking even, in his manner, due to nervous apprehension rather than to reserve. But with friends Verlaine gave himself as freely and simply in talk as he did in his writings. I have never known any human being with such child-like, perfect frankness, such a transparent sincerity in thought and being. After a couple of hours spent with him I found myself wondering whether any one by mere frankness could be so charming. Of course it was the absence of malice in Verlaine, the absence of all spite and envy and hatred, the lovingkindness of the man which was so engaging, and a touch of gay ironic humour lent an ineffable fascination to his sincerity.

Everyone has read his early lyrics of love and passion: everyone knows the story of his early life, of his admiration for Rimbaud and the tragic outcome of it in the shooting at Brussels and that imprisonment which finally brought Verlaine to repentance and to the humility of religion, and thus completed the disharmony of his dual existence.

The first evening he dined with me he told me of an adventure which seems to me characteristic. After he came out of prison in Belgium he made his way to England. In London poverty forced him to offer himself as a teacher of French.

"I was engaged," he said, "almost immediately by a clergyman at Bournemouth at seventy pounds a year, *sans blanchissage*. 'No washing' was wonderful to me," he added, "because I used so little"—and he smiled.

"Ze train was arranged for me and everything, and I was met at ze station by a big man, a clergyman.

"Are you Mr. Verlaine?" he asked.

"I said 'Yes,' and he shake me by the hand, and talk to me the most terrible French I have ever heard. His accent was more than an accent; it was a new language. One had to guess at his meaning. I could really understand him better when he talked English, though I only knew half a dozen words. He took me to his house, which was the school, and treated me splendidly. He showed me ze room that was to be mine, and asked me to dinner. His wife was charming to me, and they both told me they were sure I should succeed. I could only say, 'I will do my best.'

"After dinner ze clergyman told me he thought it better I should rest ze next day, and get to know ze place and school and everything. He was kind to me and thoughtful. There were coloured texts in my room, very beautiful texts, and time-tables—the time to post letters, time to get up, time to go to bed—and there was a Bible on my *table de nuit*; the clergyman was very English. I told him I was willing to begin at once, but he would not hear of it, so I rested the whole day. Next morning he came into my room to introduce me to the boys.

"Your first class will be a drawing class," he said.

"Drawing!" I cried. "I know nozzing of drawing."

"Every Frenchman," he said, "can draw."

"But I cannot draw," I exclaimed in an agony, "not at all; I have never held a pencil in my life. I came to teach French; I really know French."

"Yes," he say to me, smiling and putting his hand on my shoulder, "but you do not know much English yet, and until you do know a little more English I think I had better go on teaching French!"

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu," I said to myself, but I could not find words to answer him. He took me into the class and

put a wooden cone on the table and told the boys to draw it. I was to correct zere drawings.

"What I teach the boys I do not know. I taught myself more than I ever taught myself in my life. In a fever I studied light and shade for an hour. Of course I was a little better than the boys; but I was no more master of drawing than he was master of French. Oh, his French, it was horrible! He talked out ze verbs in a loud voice, and ze class had to repeat zem after him, and no Frenchman could have understood what he was saying. Such a language I never heard in my life. He was very English, but he was kind to me always. I had to go out long walks with the boys. Some of the older boys were interesting, and ze country about Bournemouse was beautiful. That English life was new to me. It was strange and it absorbed me: it healed me. It was like an oasis in the burning desert of my life. I got quite well in Bournemouse, but why was it—seventy pounds a year '*sans blanchissage*?' and he murmured to himself, shrugging his shoulders, '*sans blanchissage, et je m'en sers de si peu!*'" Again and again—"Seventy pounds a year, *sans blanchissage*."

"I am glad you liked English life," I said to him, "and Bournemouth."

"It was healthy," he replied, "and ze clergyman he meant well with his texts and time-tables; and I learned a good deal of English, and read some Shakespeare. *Quel divine poète!* I could never understand how that clergyman and Shakespeare could be of the same race."

I was eager to find out how much Verlaine knew of Shakespeare; whether he had divined him at all. But when I pressed him he took refuge in generalities; and when I tried to get to my end by comparisons he would not be netted. He likened Shakespeare to Racine for beauty of phrase; and when I tried to say that there was no magic in Racine, no word or thought comparable to Shakespeare's best, he accepted what I said with smiling good humour. I rather think the acceptance was of politeness and not agreement.

I was in constant relations with Verlaine, both as editor and friend, for the last few years of his life. I published some poems of his in the *Fortnightly Review*, though I had a good deal of difficulty with my directors in getting adequate payment for poetry, and French poetry was anathema to them. When I sent Verlaine his cheque he always replied in a letter thanking me, and at the end of a month, or so he would write me another letter saying he hoped I liked his poem, and would I send the money for it to the above address. Of course I wrote to him saying I had already sent the money and held his receipt for it. He wrote back agreeing with me and excusing himself, saying he was so hard up that he liked to think he had not been paid. Of course I did what others would have done, and sent him more than I owed. There was something of the wisdom of the serpent mingled with his childlike frankness.

In those latter days Verlaine was to be seen at his best in a restaurant on the *Boule Mich'*, where he often spent his evenings. He used to sit in a corner drinking and talking of poetry and literature with a little crowd of fervent admirers about him. Every student who came in made a point of passing his corner and of bowing to him in greeting with a *cher maître*.

Verlaine accepted the homage with delight. It was to him a sort of apotheosis, the reward of much suffering. One night some one begged him to recite "*Le pauvre Gaspard*," a most characteristic poem, as characteristic perhaps of Verlaine as "*The Last Word*" is of Mathew Arnold. The poem is founded, I imagine, on a word of Alfred de Musset—"Suis-je né trop tôt ou trop tard?" But the question is brought to intenser significance by Verlaine. The last verse runs:—

Suis-je né trop tôt ou trop tard?
Qu'est-ce que je fais en ce monde!
Oh, vous tous, ma peine est profonde:
Priez pour le pauvre Gaspard.

He recited the verses perfectly, bringing out all the pathos of them, while marking the rhythm with a gesture of his left hand. A silence as of unshed tears followed, and in the silence he repeated the last verse again, but this time, in the last line, he substituted "*payez*" for "*priez*," smiling at us the while mischievously. Of course we were all too eager to pay for this poor Gaspard.

I have left myself practically no space to speak of Verlaine's achievement as a poet, but there is less need for that, as his work has been described in these columns quite recently.

It will be enough to say that there is no more beautiful poetry in French. Verlaine's name will be coupled with Villon's in the future as a writer of the best French lyrics. His religious poems deserve perhaps still higher place. He is the greatest Christian singer since Dante, and his passionate sincerity of feeling brought new effects into French poetry. There is a childlike directness and simplicity in his best verse which is very rare, and he uses repetition with extraordinary impressiveness:—

Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela,
Et que je suis plus pauvre que personne,
Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela,
Mais ce que j'ai, mon Dieu, je vous le donne.

TOWN DRAMA

By a happy chance a very genuine pleasure has just fallen to our lot. Letchworth is not a town unknown in the modern annals of England. It has sought to set up a modern Athens of culture and liberty in our midst; and it must be confessed that it has hitherto shared the fate of all such laudable efforts, for it has become indissolubly associated in the mind with a collection of cranks and faddists. But it is vindicating its title to Athenian respect, for it is raising up a town drama to itself. A fact such as this, in a day when matters dramatic are causing infinite searchings of heart, to say nothing of stirrings of strife, in all forward and earnest minds, is in itself sufficient to attract attention. But when in addition to this we find such a drama created not only by the minds of the town, but occupied with the concerns of the town, then the whole situation becomes singularly arrestive.

In fact, this is the important matter. That in the four years of its existence the Letchworth Dramatic Society should have acted plays by Shaw, Galsworthy, and Yeats raises it to no higher level than that of innumerable amateur dramatic societies in England; but that it should create its own original work, and that this original work should be occupied with Letchworthian matters, is by way of being a rare distinction. It is even more than this: it holds out a clue to the most difficult problem that faces the drama of to-day. It prompts thinking of a curiously fascinating order.

The particular play that we saw on the evening of the 22nd was called on the programme a pantomime. In fact, it was miscalled so; for it was a satire of a very remarkable nature. Not being imbued with the local spirit, we could not always catch the local allusions; but we felt them. It was like reading a play of Aristophanes, when we can feel the blows going home, though we cannot wholly understand their nature. In fact, this allusion to Aristophanes is more than appropriate, for the thought of him was irresistible. It scarcely needed the kindly voice at our ear to point out the allusions or to elucidate the satire as it went forward. There was the local Imperialist and Anti-Socialist in the audience convulsed with laughter as he surveyed himself on the stage, got-up to the last point of physical

resemblance, thumping his well-known points in his best of manners:—"I've knocked about the world a bit, and I've read some history. Oh, yes! I know a thing or two!"—and all his other favourite tags, there they were, faithfully reproduced to exaggeration. There, too, was the Socialist who voted Liberal; there was the dramatic zealot (to whose zest the Society was and is due) caricaturing the musical zealot; and he himself caricatured by another. There was the local estate agent, with his languid domination over the affairs of the township; and there, too, a name well known to the publishing world, caricaturing the Man from Hitchin—Hitchin being Letchworth's Philistia! It was acutely funny; but it was far more than this. It was so sane; it was so admirably healthy. It was as though, the whole time, one saw Meredith's sly faun shedding its silvery laughter over the township, illuminating and displaying all pomposities and frailties. If Letchworth be a town of cranks, they are at least very healthy cranks since they can afford to laugh at themselves. Such a thing in London would convulse London with libel suits, and suspend all the avenues of business; whereas in Letchworth the satirised positively assisted the various "make-ups."

It was drama of an extraordinary nature. Naturally the plot of the satire was not elaborate. (Neither, for that matter, was Aristophanes a lover of elaborate plot!) Yet it was well written; and if the lyrics by Mr. Purdom were but echoes of Gilbert, Mr. Lee's music was sufficiently individual to outweigh the likeness. The music for some of the songs and one of the dances was quite excellent; the acting had often a fine gusto. But the chief interest was much deeper than this. For we cannot but remember that the spacious days of Elizabethan drama were preceded and produced by the York, Chester, and Coventry cycles. And it is surely obvious that if we are to have any dramatic revival, as so many believe, and so many more hope, such a revival cannot by any chance come from the effete and sophisticated stage-pieces that one sees so much of in the West-end of London! Historic precedent itself supports the contention. For it was a local spirit that produced the Athenian drama; it was a local spirit that led to the Elizabethan drama; it was a local spirit that produced Synge and the Dublin school; and despite all set-backs, it was not till Wagner turned from the great cities to Bayreuth that he got on the way to success. As we left the local hall in which the play was presented, a pamphlet was handed to us entitled "A Proposal for a Town's Theatre at Letchworth Garden City, by C. B. Purdom." Mr. Purdom, it appears, is the originator of the movement. Such a proposal deserves to succeed as few modern dramatic proposals do.

So fascinating is this question that it raises a further matter. It helps toward unriddling the great difficulty of the matter of drama. For while drama is merely analytical it has little more interest for the healthy mind than have ponderous blue-books. Even Galsworthy's analysis of social problems never comes close home to us. Poor Falder becomes like an insignificant fly on an inscrutable wheel; and, whereas the play in which he appears should be purgative and healthy in its effect, in point of fact it leaves us obsessed with a terrible feeling of helplessness, if not with an actual distaste. But here is a kind of drama that cuts away unhealthiness with the rare knife of laughter. In Athens there was but pure tragedy and pure satire (their comedy being truly only satire); and both were purgative; one by the effect of terror, the other by laughter. Moreover, both *soar*: whereas modern drama is pedestrian. Thus Letchworth need only produce, naturally and fitly produce, tragedy, and then she will lead the way towards a development that will be profoundly interesting. It is difficult to say what the possibilities may or may not be. Certainly the potentialities are there. One remembers Bayreuth.

REVIEWS

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER

Sir William Butler's Autobiography. With Four Portraits in Photogravure and Two Maps. (Constable and Co. 16s. net.)

THE chief interest of this book is to be found naturally in the last three chapters. The South African war, from which not merely the Empire generally but particularly South Africa itself has emerged so satisfactorily, is still an oppressive and vivid memory. The story of Sir William Butler's long life, so busily and faithfully spent in the public service, which closed last June in its seventy-second year, is valuable to us to-day for what he has to say of South Africa during the years 1898 and 1899, when the war broke out. He was on the spot, he knew the country, he strongly sympathised with the Dutch whilst under orders from the English Government at home, and when the events of that short time were about to culminate in active hostilities, he offered his resignation to the Secretary of State for the Colonies; Mr. Chamberlain promptly accepted by cablegram, and came home. He left South Africa burning from the Cape to the Transvaal with a race-hatred equal to his own private feelings, and his career, in the active sense of the battlefield, was at an end.

He finishes his autobiography at this point, and his daughter adds, in an afterword, the account of his activities from that date to his peaceful end. He died full of honours as of years; G.C.B., and a Privy Councillor of Ireland. But, most important of all to him, a man of the highest personal honour, he lived to see himself fully vindicated by the historian as an ill-used military officer, whose rejected counsels might have saved thousands of lives, millions of treasure, and long months of acute national suffering. It is truly extraordinary how profound was the ignorance of the authorities at home as to the nature of the undertaking of a war in South Africa. We are not now concerned with the policy of the civil authorities which led up to the war, but with the military authorities who conducted it. The question of whether the war could have been averted will always divide the opinions of competent and well-informed men, but the question of whether it was properly conducted will never divide any opinions. The unanimous verdict is that it was a piece of the most dreadful and colossal blundering and bungling of which any country was ever guilty.

Sir William Butler had been in South Africa both in 1875 and 1879. He had just completed his *Life of General Colley*, and seen it ready for the publisher's hands, when in October, 1898, he, to use his own words—

Received a cipher telegram at Dover from the War Office, asking if I would accept the command at the Cape rendered vacant by the sudden death of General Goodenough. . . . I accepted the offer, not without reluctance. There were many difficulties inherent to the military position by itself, but in the present case it would be complicated by the new man's having to assume at once upon his arrival the entire civil duties of Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa, as Sir Alfred Milner had already left Cape Town for England upon leave of absence.

Here was the tragedy. For the military office it is doubtful if a man more suited could have been found; for the civil, one less suited.

For Sir Wm. Butler was a passionate Nationalist, yet a man who had played no small part in building up an

Empire whose administration from home he frequently disapproved; full of ideas of government that do not belong to present-day conditions; and, above all, of Irish emotions that are inimical to the bold, hard statecraft so needed in Empire-building. Of all the sad things of that sad time the fact that he should have been where he was at such an hour is perhaps the saddest.

His valour and genuine ability as a military commander were never in any doubt. As his daughter tells us, "In the midst of the initial disasters of October and November, 1899, he offered to go out 'in any capacity' to do what he could to help to retrieve the Empire's losses." The offer was not accepted, but in 1905 he paid an unofficial visit to South Africa, when one of the Boer Generals who had given us the greatest trouble during the war greeted him with the bluff compliment, "It was lucky for us, General, that you were not against us in the field." It is certain that he might have spared us many humiliations and defeats.

Sir William Butler could never see his military duties in a dry and technical light. When, in 1905, he was made President of the War Office Committee appointed to inquire into the "War Stores Scandals," he published a report which conveyed its disquieting revelations in picturesque phraseology and forceful language, lit by Irish humour, such as one does not by any means associate with official documents; for he had that thing called temperament in so great a degree that, his abilities notwithstanding, there were certain things he could not do. He could not settle down to the mere activities of military operations leaving all questions of the policy behind him as not for his consideration. Had he been able to do so he might have remained in South Africa as Commander-in-Chief, and by the exercise of his unique knowledge of the country and his long experience, won for himself a place on the permanent roll of the Empire's greatest soldiers. But no, he was temperament first and all the time. He believed that at the back of the British policy was the dictation of cosmopolitan financiers of the most unscrupulous order, and that it was his business to oppose that policy as far as lay in his power. For that reason he came home. It was an impossible position for him to be diverting his energies and his brains by concerning himself with the Imperial policy at the back of the whole business, when all he was required to do was to give his advice on the military position which it was foreseen must arise out of that policy. But let the dead bury their dead. There is little profit in pursuing the point further.

Of the book as a whole let us hasten to say that it is written in a charming and fascinating style. There have not been many soldiers in the British Army who have wielded so facile a pen to depict the scenes and views of such a busy, long, and travelled life. His was a noble nature, and, although the glory of his earthly crown was not perhaps so great as it might have been, after all we poor humans do not know it all. He was a valiant soldier, who scorned wrong, fought always for his conscience and the right; and who knows but that the highest service to mankind is rendered without the world's acknowledgment?

IN CLUBLAND

London Clubs: their History and Treasures. By RALPH NEVILL. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

MANY books have been written about clubs and club-life, and more may be written, but it will be difficult to beat Mr.

Nevill's work in interest and fulness of anecdote. He gives plenty of facts without overloading them, and records many amusing incidents, some of which will be recognised as having appeared elsewhere. Club-life has changed, and further developments may be expected in the shape of the provision of additional luxuries, but more palatial buildings than those already in existence can hardly be required in any number. As the author says, the evolution of the modern club has been so simple that it can easily be traced. It had its origin in the tavern and coffee-house of an age long past. This particular appellation is said to have come into use when coffee-houses began to be popular; in the early part of the eighteenth century there were no fewer than two thousand of them in London. When special rooms were set aside at the coffee-houses for particular members the next stage to exclusive clubs was easily reached. But whereas the spirit of sociability and genial intercourse was formerly the object of the earlier clubs, the modern tendency is, as Mr. Nevill says, more towards comfort and efficient management than anything else. "In most large modern clubs quite a number of members are totally unknown to their fellows, and there is no reason why a member should speak to any one at all unless he wishes to do so. The majority of the modern clubs are in reality merely comfortable caravanserais—hotels receiving a certain number of selected visitors who recognise no social obligations within the club walls except such as regulate ordinary civilised behaviour." Many members, it is believed, regard their clubs as havens "where the women cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" and possibly the members of ladies' clubs have something equally apposite to observe.

The names of some of the old places of meeting are famous in literature. The "Cheshire Cheese" still survives. Mr. Nevill tells the story how Ben Jonson, a frequent visitor, here disputed with Sylvester as to which of them could make the best couplet in the shortest time. The latter offered his: "I, Sylvester, kiss'd your sister;" to which the former retorted, "I, Ben Jonson, kiss'd your wife." "But that's not rhyme," said Sylvester. "No," said Jonson, "but it's true." Nearly every literary man had his favourite coffee-house, and the conversation varied according to the locality. The West-end coffee-houses were often disturbed by the eccentricities of the "dashing bucks who attempted either to dominate or to upset the domination of others." The Bold Bucks, the Hell-Fires, the Mohawks were a terror and pest of society. The "George and Vulture" was the first coffee-house where coffee was sold to the public in England: "In later times Charles Dickens immortalised the 'George and Vulture' by making it an abode of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller." Many taverns were the meeting-places of "mug-house clubs," where nothing was drunk but ale, and every gentleman had his separate mug, which he chalked on the table where he sat as it was brought in. Wills' Coffee-house, known as the "Wits," was made their resort first by Dryden. The young beaux thought it a great honour to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. Dean Swift framed the rules of the "Brothers' Club," and formed the "Scriblerus Club." At another place he was known as "the mad parson." One evening he went up to a country gentleman, and very abruptly asked him: "Pray, sir, do you know any good weather in the world?" The gentleman stared a little at Swift's singular manner and odd question, and said: "Yes, sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," replied Swift, "than I can say. I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well."

There have been many clubs with curious names, such as the "Lying Club," "for which untruthfulness was supposed

to be an indispensable qualification," the "Odd Fellows," the "Humbags," the "Society of Pilgrims," the "Blue Stocking Club," the "Golden Fleece Club," the members of which assumed fancy names, the "Everlasting," which "professed to go on for ever, its doors being kept open night and day throughout the year, whilst the members were divided into watches, like sailors at sea." There is much that is interesting of such famous clubs as the "Beefsteaks," "Old and Slow," "Arthur's," "Boodle's," "White's," "Brooks's," which were always full of the leading men of the day:—

Dr. Johnson was probably the most staunch defender of clubs who ever lived; his reply to somebody who was rather inclined to decry such institutions is historic. A gentleman venturing one day to say to the learned Doctor that he sometimes wondered at his condescending to attend a club, the latter replied: "Sir, the great chair of a full and pleasant town club is, perhaps, the throne of human felicity."

The writer has collected a quantity of information about club management, in respect of elections to membership, committees, rules and regulations, and on such matters as smoking, blackballing, cooking, fines, cards, which will be of practical use to any one concerned with the charge of such institutions. Smoking was at one time a question which frequently created much excitement, but smokers have now generally had their desires satisfied, under certain liberal restrictions. At "White's" once a general meeting was held to deal with the question, when a number of old members who had not been in the club for years attended, having been whipped up to resist the innovation. "Where do all these old fossils come from?" was asked. "From Kensal Green," was the reply. "Their hearses, I understand, are waiting to take them back there." As regards the admission of ladies, the story is told that at a certain military club a member once brought his wife to dine, and defied the authorities by asking for the rules, in which he triumphantly pointed out that there was no stipulation as to sex.

Blackballing was at one time excessive at some clubs. "We must pill that man, it will do him good," some one would say. "We really cannot have that fellow, I saw him wearing a black tie in the evening," said another. A case is quoted of the "Athenæum" where as many as ninety-three black balls were once allotted to an unpopular candidate. "But the greatest instance of blackballing probably ever known took place some years ago at a ladies' club, where one candidate received three more black balls than the number of members present." There are many anecdotes of gambling and card-playing, and of the large sums of money which changed hands, especially at "Crockford's." One gentleman, who declared that, next to winning, losing was the greatest pleasure in the world, is supposed once to have lost £35,000. At "White's" Sir John Malcolm once lost £30,000. This last gentleman was the first chairman of the "Oriental," and a very popular figure in Society. A great talker, he was nicknamed "Bahawder Jaw," it was said, by Canning. There were ten Malcolm brothers, two of them Admirals. All ten seem to have possessed the same characteristic. When Lord Wellesley was assured by Sir John that he and three brothers had once met together in India, the Governor-General declared it to be "impossible, quite impossible." Malcolm repeated his statement. "I repeat it is impossible; if four Malcolms had come together, we should have heard the noise all over India." Such anecdotes could easily be multiplied: we have said enough, perhaps, to recommend this book, which we have found entertaining, instructive, and brightly written.

"TANT VAUT L'HOMME, TANT VAUT LA TERRE"

Land Problems and National Welfare. By CHRISTOPHER TURNOR. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. VISCOUNT MILNER. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN these hurrying times, when the social and economic problems are being rendered more complex and difficult of solution with the passage of every day, when sentiment is imported into science, when political passion thrusts truth and reason from the platform, it is indeed time that some clear voice was heard bidding deft hands to disentangle the knots in which centuries of prejudice still leave us enmeshed. Meantime, we should welcome the critic who has the moral courage to acknowledge the merits of his opponents and to censure the demerits and stumblings of those among his own political creed. Mr. Christopher Turnor, in the work before us, not only deserves, but commands, such a recognition. He shows himself to be an anxious and zealous searcher after truth. He has put together a mass of valuable facts, garnered for the most part from personal knowledge; but he does not pose as having solved any of the grave problems which confront us. He has not attempted to devise any distinct itinerary which would serve to switch the baffled landlord, tenant, or farm-labourer on to a less circuitous road. He shows himself, however, to be a good counsellor and guide in the many by-paths which antiquated prejudice and modern legislation have been constantly making more difficult. The main point is that the author shows himself to be sincere and just, and to have the interests of his fellow-workers at heart. And, reading him as one who desires progress, and as one who would welcome criticism aiming at truth, we deal with a few points which seem at present to stand in his way.

In the first place, in treating such a vital question as the Land Problem, here and abroad, and in comparing British and foreign methods of work, division of property, characteristics of race, and a score of other factors, it is palpably an error to assign a different form of political economy to different countries. The economic laws must remain the same, like the principles of Euclid; and to say that in France political economy differs from political economy in these islands is surely akin to saying that the law of gravitation does not hold good in the valley in the same measure as at the mountain's peak. If Mr. Turnor had said that the French in their methods in some cases work more in harmony with, or run counter to, the immutable economic laws than is found in certain other communities, we could endorse his statement. The French, and especially the peasantry, are a people who for generations have adapted themselves to a wholesale system of wrong-headed anti-economic legislation. Of this fact innumerable examples could be given. But the most noteworthy of all—and the one that more than any has served to safeguard them from absolute ruin—is represented in the Banquier system, a natural evolution arising from an instinctive spirit of self-protection against governmental financial tyrannies, the supply of inadequate and base coin, and an unconscious and unexplained sense of a great truth—namely, that it is impossible to solve the Land Question unless you solve the capital question. The consequence to these industrious and careful-living people is that they are in the enjoyment of the most natural and prosperity-producing credit and capital-supplying system existing to-day—a system, indeed, which explains the thrift which Mr. Turnor, like so many others, recognises as existing among them, but which is an effect rather than a cause of their success in *petite culture*. Mr. Turnor alludes to the better financing of farmers in the old days of the country bankers, and rightfully deplores their absorption into the huge Joint

Stock Companies. It is a pity that he has not seen his way to elaborate this point, for the alienation of the natural channels connecting capital with land and labour—namely, capital and credit supplying banks—can be readily proved to be the cardinal cause of the astounding changes that have been wrought in agriculture and its contributory industries in England and Scotland—once the foremost farming countries in the world. This truth cannot be better illustrated than through a close study of that very Banquier system which has enabled rural France to stand out conspicuous as the highest example of successful small farming which can be mentioned.

Mr. Turnor is evidently aware of the importance of the supply of credit and capital to the workers in agriculture, for he speaks of the necessity of a special machinery for providing loans for the purchase of land, and more than once refers to Credit Banks as a means to that end to act as the tenant's working capital. It seems regrettable that one who, in this interesting volume, proves himself so close an observer should not have devoted a greater attention to this most vital of all the factors in the Land Problem—the financing of production. We suggest this because it is a subject that has been sorely neglected by most writers on agricultural questions and ignored by the majority of our politicians of both Parties. A study of this particular branch would soon convince Mr. Turnor that the State prohibition of such banks as would constitute an adequate supply of capital and credit to farmers is responsible for the condemnation of private ownership, the hundred-and-one patchwork or pseudo-economic enactments, and the sentimental, groundless attacks on unearned increment, the fallacious craze and clamour for land nationalisation at a time when, under the present deplorable absence of capital-supply, the position of the capitalist and of the private owner of land, however enviable from a superficial point of view, can be proved to confer, by a natural solidarity, a great and lasting benefit upon the wage-earners.

There are, of course, many other points that might be amplified. It will, however, suffice to remind those who have Land Reform truly at heart—and Mr. Turnor should be recognised as one of these—that there is no hope of saving the land until our legislators can be persuaded to grapple with first principles and to cease from legislating for every separate result of some great general cause. The enrichment of the State by pillage always has meant, and always will mean, a proportionate impoverishment of the people. History teems with examples. As to attempting to solve the land problem without at the same time solving the capital problem, again history comes to our aid.

"Tant vaut l'homme, tant vaut la terre," one of the most pregnant truths uttered by a great thinker and phraseologist, applies with full force here. If the people have not the sense to see nor the energy and courage to clamour for that economic and financial freedom to which they have a full right, and continue on the road of their present supine resignation to Governmental tamperings and prohibitions in the matter of a rational supply of capital and credit to land and labour, they must expect to have the land snatched from them and to suffer under the worst conceivable landlord—the State—with its army of relentless tax and rent-consuming bureaucrats, and to pass into a nation of slaves.

THE LAST STUART QUEEN

The Last Stuart Queen: Louise Countess of Albany: Her Life and Letters. By HERBERT M. VAUGHAN, F.S.A. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 16s. net.)

THE last Stuart Queen was Louise, Princess of Stolberg-Gedern, wife of the Young Pretender, and in choosing her

as his heroine Mr. Vaughan has shown a true instinct for romance. For the life-story of the Countess of Albany, as she was known, is sufficient to supply plots for half-a-dozen novels of passable standard. The wife, and later the widow, of Prince Charles Edward during the course of her long life, she shone in many a circle, and was in close and intimate contact with more than one historical personage. Her biography ought, therefore, to appeal to an especially wide public. To those to whom the adventures and misfortunes of the Stuarts are still a living interest this account of the career of the wife of the Young Pretender, and incidentally of the Young Pretender himself and also of the Cardinal of York, should prove eager reading. Admirers of the Count Vittorio Alfieri will be grateful to Mr. Vaughan for the considerable light which he has thrown in his pages on the greater part of the life of that distinguished poet. Students of the social life, both on the Continent and in this country, during the era of the French Revolution will welcome Mr. Vaughan's work with eagerness: and even admirers of Napoleon I. will find in his pages an occasional glimpse of their demi-god. Above all, the far larger public who have no particular interests to serve in their reading, but are prepared to take up any book which gives promise of being interesting, no matter its subject, will find a volume of entrancing and unabated interest and pleasure in the biography which Mr. Vaughan has prepared for them.

With the Princess as heroine, although Mr. Vaughan gives no exaggerated account of her charms and virtues—most sedate and impartial is he in describing the Countess of Albany, and no one can with justice criticise him with having twisted history to the advantage of the lady of whom he writes—one can hardly expect an over-coloured account of the Prince to whom she was tied as prisoner for the best twelve years of her life. At the time of his marriage he had well passed his youth. Failure, disappointment, and weakness had all left their marks upon him, and those who had acclaimed him a generation earlier as the Bonnie Prince Charlie would have been sore disappointed if they had met him again in middle-age. Thus Prince Charles Edward is depicted in this book in no attractive colours. Alfieri, the supplanter in the affections of the Princess—if ever the husband possessed his wife's affections—also appears as a villain rather than as a hero:—

We are therefore compelled to believe that for three years Alfieri was enjoying the hospitality of a home that he was setting himself to wreck in a most selfish, deceitful, and altogether detestable method, a fact which must carry a sense of contempt and indignation against this man who had set himself up to teach his countrymen the means of moral and political redemption, and yet was the actual and unabashed author of so cold-blooded an act of treachery.

With regard to the Countess's behaviour in this affair Mr. Vaughan is not so indignant. He seems to hesitate much concerning her guilt, at any rate during the earlier period of the intrigue, and he quotes Sir Horace Mann, the British Minister, in particular, in order to repel any charge which might be made against her. Certainly no excuse is necessary for her action when she did finally flee from her husband's roof, and her behaviour during the period which immediately succeeded that flight was in every respect beyond reproach. The Princess settled in Rome under the protection of her brother-in-law, the Cardinal of York:—

Here then in the dismal old palace we leave Charles Edward Stuart on the verge of his sixtieth birthday, deprived of his wife, wounded in his honour and his personal pride, a prey to the demon of "the nasty bottle," despised by his very servants, and feeling acutely his ignoble position as the merest of political ciphers in the eyes of the Pope and the Sovereign of Tuscany.

To the kindness and goodness of the Cardinal of York the

Countess owed very much in these subsequent years, and it is painful to see how ungratefully she requited them. The Cardinal long survived his power and prosperity, and died at last a weary old man, shorn of most of the comforts to which he had been accustomed. But to the end of his life he apparently never lost his affection or consideration for his sister-in-law, for he even remembered her in his last testament. She on her part, when she thought that there was nothing more to be gained from the relationship, did not trouble to refrain from slandering and abusing her former benefactor, and some of her letters on this account make unpleasant reading.

A curious episode in the career of the Countess of Albany was her visit to England and her presentation at the Court of the usurper, George III. This moral abdication on her part gave rise to considerable gossip and mild amusement in society, and the most entertaining comment on the whole of the proceedings is preserved in the letters of Horace Walpole, from which Mr. Vaughan quotes at length. To make the whole affair the more surprising, this courting of the Hanoverians must have been planned and pursued with the concurrence of Alfieri, "that professional hater of kings and queens," to whom the Princess was now permanently, although not legally, allied. So surprising is the whole affair that Mr. Vaughan suggests that there must have been some ulterior motive. He is almost certainly right, and the anxiety to obtain a British pension must have been the cause of the Princess's appearance, and illustrates, as it were, the Hanoverian victory. The Princess and her companion made a tour of the country at this time, and in a diary which she kept and subsequently published a not uninteresting account is given of social life in England a century and a quarter ago.

No pains have been spared to make the book attractive in every sense. The narrative, as the foregoing notice will show, is interesting and brightly written. The paper, print, and binding are all that can be desired. To crown all, the volume is embellished by twelve beautiful illustrations, which combine to make it a joy as well as a pleasure.

THE NAGAS OF MANIPUR

The Naga Tribes of Manipur. By T. C. HODSON. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

Just twenty years ago the small protected State of Manipur, situated between Assam and Upper Burma, came into temporary and unfavourable prominence. It will be remembered that, after a period of anarchy in the State, the Government of India took steps to remove the cause of the disturbance and to restore order. But by gross mismanagement the arrangements failed; the Chief Commissioner and four officers were treacherously murdered. An expedition was sent to Manipur to reassert the political supremacy of the British Government, suitable punishments were inflicted, and the State was taken under British administration. It has since been restored to native rule. The area is under 8,500 square miles, the population under 300,000. The features of the Manipuris show them to be descended from the Indo-Chinese stock; their language resembles that of the Kuki tribes on the south. It is with the Naga tribes who inhabit this State that this book deals, not with the other Nagas, such as the Angamis, Kachas, Rengmas, Semas, and Lhotas, who have been included within Assam. These Nagas have their own history, which tells of their slow reclamation from barbarism, and of the murders of several political officers, Holcombe, Butler, and Damant, in past times.

Mr. Hodson was formerly Assistant Political Agent and

Superintendent of Manipur, and is a Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and Member of the Folklore Society. His volume is a description of the ethnology of the hill-tribes within the limited area of the Manipur State, so that the reader must not expect a general treatise on all the hill-tribes of India. The material was collected ten years ago, and some of it has already been published. The accuracy of the information may provisionally be presumed, but civilian officers are not always sufficiently acquainted with the vernaculars to be able to elicit the facts from timid natives who misunderstand their object, and native subordinates cannot altogether be trusted, as they are wont to supply only the information which they believe will be acceptable. There is no finality in ethnological studies. But Mr. Hodson has had his manuscript checked by an expert, Lieut.-Colonel Shakespear, and if he has really studied all the authorities cited he has equipped himself with preparatory knowledge cognate to his contribution. He has divided his book into sections dealing with general characteristics: Domestic Life, Laws and Customs, Religion and Folk Tales.

The Naga tribes in Manipur are seven, of which the Tangkhuls, Mao and Maram Nagas, and Kabuis appear to be the largest. "The common feature in all the legends about their origin is the absence of any claim to be the original inhabitants of the country they now occupy." Mr. Hodson considers that they were settled at an early date in their present areas. His conclusion appears probably correct that all the legends are etiological, invented to explain a state of affairs which was recognised as needing some sort of an explanation. Expansion and quarrels between neighbours may have caused tribal movements of which no record is available.

Like all semi-civilised peoples these Nagas—a term said to be derived from the Assamese Noga, applied to hill-tribes—have their own ideas about births, deaths, the future state, spirits, marriage (based upon exogamy), animal-life, omens, dreams, superstitions of all sorts. The tribes all bury, not burn, their dead, not always inside the village, or in the usual burying-place. The heads of enemies killed in a head-hunting raid are exposed in trees outside the villages. In the graves are placed various articles for the use and comfort of the deceased in the world hereafter: if a man dies, for instance, of tiger-bite, they put a bugle in his grave to scare away the tigers on the road to heaven. The something that leaves the body at death is often regarded as a winged insect of some kind, now a butterfly, now a bee. In order to allow the insect to escape a hole is made in the roof directly above the bed of the deceased. Their popular beliefs are many and various, too numerous to quote. On one occasion they decided that the strangest thing the British had brought within their ken was coined money: its uniformity was the special feature of interest.

The determining factor of the family, the clan, and the village is religious. Strange-shaped stones, which they worship, are often pointed out as places where a deity is wont to dwell. The creation of the world is ascribed to the deity who causes earthquakes. The Tangkhuls approach their deity, the eldest son of the creator, in trouble or sickness. The village headman is the *Khullakpa*, vested with considerable dignity and importance, with special *tabus* designed to maintain efficiency. He is also called the *gennabura*. This *genna* dominates their lives. It is "a temporary disturbance of the normal course of life." It means, simply, forbidden or prohibited, and is applied to the mass of prohibitions, permanent and temporary, periodic and occasional, which form a great part of the tribal law. "All the rites and festivals observed by social units in this area are characterised by a prohibition of the normal relations with other social units, so that the term has come to be applied to all occasions and festivals at and by which the social unit con-

cerned consolidates and concentrates itself." These *gennas* thus affect all the various social units. Mr. Hodson's conclusion is that the life of these small communities may not unfairly be described as "nasty, dull and brutish." Their beliefs, practices, and customs show that their civilisation is still very backward. This could easily be proved, but this brief notice must come to a close. Mr. Hodson's book will be valued by all students of ethnology, folklore, and savage life, but the subject is too technical to attract the general reader. The map furnished is on too small a scale to be really useful; the illustrations are so good that more would have been welcome.

NEAPOLITAN ART

Geschichte der Malerei Neapels. By WILHELM ROLFS. (E. A. Seemann, Leipzig. 25m.)

IN this history of the art treasures of Naples Herr Rolfs breaks up ground which is by no means virgin soil, having been sown already with more than one lusty crop of critical weeds. No city in Italy, he assures us, has been so exploited by the forger and the literary charlatan. Bernardo de Domenici—"one of those innumerable mediocre painters (half-artist, half-dauber) who, in the eighteenth century, covered the walls of the countless restored churches of Naples with their bungling work"—is the chief offender, and seems to have shown in his roguery an ingenuity and zeal unparalleled:—

Long and laborious was his task, and, for once, one may believe the forger when he says that he spent seventeen years on it. The "Vite dei Pittori, Scultori ed Architetti Napoletani" appeared in three great volumes in 1742-3, and with it begins the fraudulent art research which has lasted to the present day—so skilful is his method, so assured are his statements, so cunningly does the man contrive to hood-wink even the coolest investigator.

Not the least interesting part of Herr Rolfs' book is the decision with which the author lays bare the impostures of this Domenici and the wanderings in critical darkness of his dupes.

The difficulties which await the student of Neapolitan art are immense. Restoration has been destructively busy in the churches, and it is hard to read calmly of ancient frescoes stripped, as though they were cheap wallpaper, from the walls of sacred buildings and scattered on the ground among *débris* of stones and mortar. The civic rage for "improvement" seems to have swept many churches bodily away, the names of the patronal saints change, the information of local guides varies amiably according to the size of prospective tips—in short, Herr Rolfs wins our admiration for the enthusiastic persistence and the painstaking thoroughness with which he has worked his way to daylight through this forest of hindrances.

From first to last the outstanding point which forcibly strikes the student is the dependence of art in Naples on inspiration and energy drawn from outside the borders of the bay-side city:—

The soil of Naples, rich in fiery talent, but lacking that creative genius dependent on unbending will-power and persistent endeavour, which alone is able to produce an epoch-making work, fell into sterile decay when no more nourishment was poured into her from outside.

From Peter Kavallini, who brought to the gay, insouciant spirit of local painting something of the strenuous earnestness of Roman art, and directed from 1308 and onwards the labours of a host of satellite pupils who decorated the walls

of the church of Donna Regina, to Solimena, the flattered darling among painters of the early eighteenth century, whose followers allowed the torch of art in Naples, so long kept alight by friendly alien hands, to go out in spluttering ineptitude, the masters of Naples were such men as Solario the Venetian, the Spaniard Ribera, and Salvator Rosa, of whom Naples can claim scarcely more than the fact that his cradle stood in the suburb of Arenella; his art belongs entirely to Rome and Florence.

Herr Rolfs' style is clear and succinct when he criticises and investigates, tinged, when he describes a picture or wall decoration, with a warmth and colour which witness vividly to his connoisseurship. Accompanying the work are 137 plates and an excellent Index. The book bears a dedication to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha on the occasion of her recent marriage.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Siren Land. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s. net.)

WE are reminded by a perusal of this pleasant little book of an April day; now smiles, now tears: happily, the smiles preponderate. It would require a Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson to sum up its qualities in a single phrase, and, maybe, that phrase would not be completely complimentary to the author. Be that as it may; in spite of its prevailing tone of flippant dilettantism, it contains a goodly number of hidden gems of philosophic truth. The author is at his best when engaged in a subtle portrayal of the contrast between Hellenic Idealism and mediæval mysticism. Incidentally the Sirens are the very flimsiest of pretexts for the weaving of this pleasant web of facts and fancies concerning most things in Heaven and Earth, to say nothing of the nether regions. All this is, no doubt, quite what it should be, for, after all, what were the Sirens?—

What not indeed? The Sirens, says one, are the charms of the Gulf of Naples. No, says another; they were chaste priestesses. They were neither chaste, nor priestesses, but exactly the reverse. They were sunbeams. They were perilous cliffs. They were a race of peaceful shepherds. They were symbols of persuasion. They were cannibals. They were planetary spirits. They were prophets. They were a species of Oriental owl. They were the harmonious faculties of the soul. They were penguins.

Penguins! That is the final pronouncement of commentatorial erudition.

Personally, we do not think the wise Odysseus would have put himself to quite so much trouble for the sake of mere penguins. The Emperor Tiberius apparently once said, in connection with the trial of a man for insulting the divinity of the deceased Augustus, "*deorum injurias deis curae*"—the gods can look after their own wrongs. Very wise and very true, no doubt; but, all the same, we are glad to find Mr. Douglas assisting in the good cause of vindicating the outraged memory of that great man and Emperor, Tiberius himself.

Whatever may be his views of monarchs of a bygone age, the author takes no pains to conceal his contempt for modern sovereigns, "whose chief occupation—to judge by the newspapers at least—consists in 'swopping' uniforms, rushing about the Continent in special trains, and hanging ribbons and decorations round each other's necks." His admiration of Tiberius leads him to hatch the pithy apothegm, "Our rulers never retire from the cares of government: they never feel them."

And so from Tiberius and *zuppa di pesce*—from which, if

that concoction be such as the author represents it to be, may heavenly powers defend us—we pass, by a natural transition to sister Serafina, who, we agree, certainly deserves to have a good time in an after-life if she is to be compensated for her self-inflicted sufferings in this. Your mediæval saint is not a pleasing picture. To the author's mind it calls up the fair image of the ancient Greeks, to whom "the human frame was a subtle instrument, to be kept lovingly in tune with the loud-voiced melodies of earth and sky and sea; these were their realities; as for a life beyond, let the gods see to it—a shadowy, half-hearted business at best."

If any one of our readers is of a pragmatistical turn of mind, let him carefully avoid the footnote on page 192, which concerns pragmatism. After all, pragmatism is not the sole interest in life, and he must indeed be hard to please who cannot find something to his taste in "Siren Land."

The Temple of Life: An Outline of the True Mission of Art.
By ERNEST NEWLANDSMITH. (Longmans, Green and Co.
3s. 6d. net.)

THE idealist, when his ideals take the bit in their teeth and run away with him (if we may be permitted so earthly a metaphor), is apt to appear to the ordinary man as a prophet on the mountain-top, irradiated himself with some private sunlight of his own, grumbling at the fog and shadow below; in short, a most unpractical person. Despite the author's evident sincerity, the majority of readers will gather this or a similar impression from "The Temple of Life." To Mr. Newlandsmith all the arts have a Divine mission. "It is the duty of Science," he says, "to give men that true thought of which the culmination is Divine Wisdom; and it is the duty of Art to give men that true feeling of which the consummation is Divine Love." Again, he writes:—

What we now need is not a society for the cultivation of this or that kind of Science or Art (we have any number of these), but a society or national movement that will aim at bringing Science and Art under the driving-power or yoke of true religion—i.e., the love of God. . . .

In considering the value of a work of art in its relation to the welfare of mankind, the critic we require is a man who judges things from the Divine standpoint, from the inner consciousness of God. Absurd as it may seem to some people, such a man will know what is meant by "a virtuous coat" or a "benevolent stone."

We confess that this does seem to us to go perilously near to absurdity. The author's point of view will be sufficiently clear from the above quotations. Where he seems to fail is in his disregard of the fact that the true artist cannot help himself—he *must* express himself in his chosen medium, whether it be music or painting, sculpture or literature. "It is terrible to witness artists," we are told, "who, being attacked with various 'moods,' strive to depict these moods on canvas, or on paper, or in sounds, quite callous as to whether the said moods are healthy or elevating." It is not quite so terrible an affair as Mr. Newlandsmith imagines; let him rest more comfortably. Though, as an extremist, we doubt if he will rest.

It would be ungracious to cavil at all the contents of this little volume, for in his more moderate moments the author pens many suggestive and illuminating sentences. He pleads for a return to simpler music, "calculated to awaken in men's hearts simple, clear and true emotions." He takes the view that the present complex state of the various arts is the prelude to a revival of earlier forms. There is much truth in this. Extremes bring reactions, inevitably; but the forced note sometimes spoils a pleasant page—as when

we read that "Modern Art is not a healing Art. On the contrary, it is permeated with vanity and death."

The book concludes with a vision of London, a city renewed, beautified, where all things are done "to the glory of God." A beautiful vision; but alas! how infinitely far from realisation!

El Greco en Toledo, ó nuevas investigaciones acerca de la vida y obras de Dominico Theotocópuli. By F. DE BORJA DE SAN ROMÁN Y FERNÁNDEZ. (Librería General de Victoriano Suárez, Madrid.)

DOMINICO THEOTOCÓPULI, or "the Greek," as he was called, was born on the island of Crete. He was a follower of Tiziano, founded the school of Toledo, and died in that town in the year 1614.

The book under review is a study of the life and works of the painter, and is the result of the fresh investigations of the author, and the discovery by him of certain documents in the archives of Toledo. By the courtesy of the keeper of the records the author was enabled to examine these documents, and, after personally devoting months to the careful study of the legal writings and contending with the deficiencies of the ancient registers, he brings new material and fresh light to enable us to unravel the mysteries of the life and work of "the Greek."

Until comparatively recently little has been known of this painter, from whose works even Velásquez is said to have obtained inspiration, for the writers of his day, with the exception of the two poets Góngora and Paravicino, have left nothing on record regarding him. Paravicino has written of him, "Creta le dió la vida, y los pinceles Toledo." (Crete gave him life, and Toledo the pencil.)

Within the last century, however, interest has been shown in the works of Dominico Theotocópuli, and many books relating to Spanish art and architecture give some details, which are more or less reliable, with regard to the painter and his work. M. B. Cossio has recently written two volumes on "the Greek," and the present work contains an introduction by this writer.

The book is not intended to supplant any which have previously been written on the subject, but it may be considered as a valuable addition to these, for the facts collected are reliable and supply new data, whilst they correct certain errors and confirm many doubtful points. It is well and interestingly written, and contains copious notes and numerous references to the documents from which the information has been obtained. It deals minutely with the life, the family and descendants, and the works of "the Greek." We have, for instance, one chapter devoted entirely to the question as to where, in Toledo, the painter lived; and in another the author attempts to locate the exact spot in which his remains were placed. Several diagrams are given, and the signatures of the painter have been photographically reproduced, as also have two pages of the inventory of his goods which exists in the handwriting of his illegitimate son, Jorge Manuel Theotocópuli.

The documents, nearly one hundred in number, upon which the author bases his statements will be found in an appendix. Amongst these is a complete copy of the inventory mentioned above. The documents themselves are somewhat difficult to decipher, as they are faithfully reproduced in the Spanish of the seventeenth century.

Reminiscences and Letters of Joseph and Arnold Toynbee.
Edited by GERTRUDE TOYNBEE. (H. J. Glaisher.
2s. 6d. net.)

THE work of the Toynbee family and its relation to social welfare in London has been dealt with in other books; the

present little volume is mainly a record of correspondence between Joseph Toynbee and his family and friends, with a second part devoted to letters of Arnold, his son. As such it is full of humanity and a pleasant, gentle interest. The father, in addition to the keen intellect which won him such distinction in his profession, possessed a childlike, kindly soul, not above recording the simplest pleasures—games in the fields with “a glorious set of true country lads and lasses,” or “a walk, listening to the cuckoo and nightingale, through lanes and footpaths, then home to tea and books, &c.” But he writes on January 7th, 1861, words which show how deeply ran the current of his thoughts:

I only regret that I cannot get my philosophy to rule my heart as well as my brain, but when it does so life's trials will be over. It is of no use growling, but this human life is a dread struggle, and he who pretends that it can be made otherwise is either deceived or deceives. . . . My life seems to be oozing away in one continued attempt to reconcile the unreconcilable, and I accomplish nothing; yet doubtless it is well, and I bow in trust and hope.

There are some delightful letters noting simple incidents of travel in France and Belgium, Germany and Switzerland, and a charming little note to his father and mother expressing Joseph Toynbee's pleasure at being called in to see the Queen (Victoria) at Osborne, “on account of deafness and noises in the head,” which he was able to cure in half an hour. Other letters from Ruskin, Michael Faraday, George Cruikshank, Dr. Jowett, and many well-known men are included, and add to the interest of the volume.

The second part contains the correspondence of Arnold Toynbee, who died just when he was beginning to do great things, at the age of thirty-one; and perhaps the best pages are those reproducing a letter from James Hinton, discussing various complex problems of life. The general appeal of the book may not be wide, but those who value the revelation of two fine characters, gentlemanly in the best sense of the word, will do well to spend a quiet hour in studying it.

“*Pie-Powder*,” being *Dust from the Law-Courts, Collected and Recollected on the Western Circuit*. By A CIRCUIT TRAMP. (John Murray. 5s. net.)

ONE whose natural modesty forbade him to place his name upon the title-page has gathered together a charming collection of anecdotes and memories. That the learned and witty author is none other than Mr. Alderson Foote, K.C., is, we believe, an open secret. A good many of these specks of “dust from the law-courts” are, no doubt, familiar to some of us: they are none the less welcome. At the same time, we must confess to an uneasy feeling that a few, at least, of these anecdotes are masquerading in borrowed plumes. We very much hope that Lord Justice Bowen laid no claim to the authorship of that ancient similitude of the blind man in the dark room looking for the black hat which is not there. However, good stories do not spoil by a little honest plagiarism now and again. The author succeeds in shedding a pathetic sunset glow over the dying circuit system, which must not, however, be allowed to blind us to the expense and cumbersomeness, the waste of valuable judicial time, and the train of attendant evils which are characteristic of that system. However charming it may be for officials, and, with all due deference to the learned author, for popular silks, we are none the less inclined to believe that the litigant and the ratepayer—bless them both—are entitled to some small consideration in the matter. We learn that the Lord Chancellor's County Court Bill will again shortly be before the House. Whatever may be its fate, who knows but what the next decade may see

each County Court elevated to the dignity of a species of miniature High Court, and the briefless junior holding briefs marked with figures as yet known only to his dreams: *sed hæc hæc hactenus?*

Is it too much to hope that other leaders of other circuits may be tempted by Mr. Foote's public-spirited efforts to impart to us a few more grains of the golden dust of the law-courts, collected and garnered with the same skill and wit as are displayed in these entertaining pages?

A Tour and a Romance. By ALICE E. ROBBINS. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

THE tour here alluded to is in Spain, and the romance, a simple one, is evolved in the course of the tour. Mr. Van Patten, a New York man of business who has daily spent sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in amassing dollars, suddenly discovers that his health has broken down. American fathers are accustomed to do what their children tell them, apart from business matters, and Miss Sadie Van Putten, who has just been attending a course of lectures on Spain, at once decides that the required rest-cure can be best achieved by a tour in that country. Sadie has also at the back of her mind an *obiter dictum* of the lecturer's: “You American women have been spoilt by the men. You have no ideals, but you have millions of theories. Joanna was nicknamed the Fool, but was she not wiser than the women of the twentieth century, who place culture and money and position before the great primal fact and necessity of life?”—the primal fact and necessity being marriage and home life. Directly she gets out of the atmosphere she has hitherto lived in Sadie finds this doctrine enforced again and again—by an elderly English admirer on board the steamer, by the little courier of nondescript nationality, and by a muddle-headed clergyman's wife she meets in Madrid—so that by the time she meets her destiny in the shape of a not very interesting Englishman she is in a receptive mood. The authoress has used the tour as a peg upon which to hang the romance, and has not made the mistake of attempting to produce an attractive guide-book. She writes pleasantly, and we shall be glad to hear of her again.

The Encyclopædia of Sport. Vol. II. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN December last we had much pleasure in noticing Vol. I. of “*The Encyclopædia of Sport*.” We now have before us the second book of this series, which deals with such recreations as golf, fencing, hunting, &c. There are also several very useful pages devoted to “First Aid,” the “Transport of the Injured,” and accidents likely to arise from the pursuit of the various sports mentioned. The illustrations are varied and numerous, and the present edition is in every way as good as the companion volume brought out at the latter part of last year.

FICTION

A STREET OF TO-DAY

The Street of To-Day. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.)

EVEN when most occupied with the things of sound and sense, Mr. Masefield has always been chiefly concerned with the things that matter. Therefore to express surprise that he whose name recalls tales of the bold buccaneer and

the camp-fire should turn his attention to the acute problems of modern city life would be sadly to miss the heart of one of the sincerest artists of to-day. When occupied with tropical forests, his concern has not hitherto been their mere richness of hue, nor their tangled impenetrability. What has won him has been something rare and spiritual. "Little Theo's" wanderings in "Lost Endeavour" was a proof of this. It has ever been the inner essences that have called to him, transmuting wild adventure into something of spiritual interest. To find him, then, occupied, as he is in this book, with a modern problem is only to see him turn from one earnestness to another; from an earnestness remote from modern concerns to an earnestness embedded in modern concerns.

If the title of the book is cryptic, its sub-title gives us a clue. It runs into this legend:—"By the Streets of To-day Man goes to the House of To-morrow." Yet it is not till one has been caught in the concluding flow of the narrative that one discovers its meaning; and then it is not so much meaning that one sees as an illumination that perplexes and almost awes the mind. The tale is not concerned with The House of To-morrow; it is merely occupied with a vivid, and healthfully painful, depiction of the Street of To-day; yet the way of the street is hinted sufficiently for our minds to work upon its drift; and thus, while the artist cleanses his hand of the reformer's importunity, his achievement is surer and more permanent.

Mr. Masfield preserves his creative detachment. He whom for the lack of a fitter title one must call the hero, Lionel Heseltine, takes the story from the first page to the last, it being woven closely round him; and he is not altogether a lovable character. He wins to sympathy in the end; but he seldom wins to love; he never comes near us. The art of intensely lovable characters seems to have died upon the wind of yesterday. There is a hard mentality about him. We never discover if the misfortune of his marriage is laid by his author on his or his wife's shoulders, though the latter is implied; but the trouble is certainly chiefly his. Just returned from Africa, "doing sleeping sickness," he is caught into the whirl of women. In this opening chapter Mr. Masfield suggests a very wide canvas, the greater part of which he subsequently abandons. Most of the characters in it are never met again; and thus a considerable mental hesitancy is aroused in the mind of the reader which does not altogether aid the confined sharpness of the main narrative. Yet the two women who are mainly to control the destinies of Lionel Heseltine are pricked out sufficiently well for it to be more or less obvious what their lots are to be.

However, not only is Heseltine (coming from lonely camps) quickly impressionable to the company of women, to their beauty, to the excitability aroused by their dresses and perfumes, but he is also eaten with the reformer's zeal. Precisely what he is desirous of achieving is not always easy to discover, but there is no doubt that he is terribly in earnest about it. He is not only in earnest, but is hard and unsympathetic. He seems anxious to reform men, because he hates them rather than because he loves them. This is an important trait in his character, which means much to him later. "It's not a case of love," says he. "I see a dunghill in the street, and I believe that at the bottom of it there may be some building material. When I get to the building material I'll act like a builder. Till then I'll brandish any muckrake that's got good teeth." Though he glows to humanity later, he begins by being a good deal more concerned with reform as a mental activity for an alert brain than as a helping hand put out in love to a warm, common humanity, and in this he is like a good many other reformers whose faces we know in the street of to-day.

Mrs. Drummond, however, has suffered. Her husband is

a drunken, decadent author, writing at pleasure to a publisher's bidding. And whereas he bears the ruin of brilliance to a drunkard's grave, she wears a suffering that has burned to strength and splendour in her soul. She seeks to arrest Heseltine to the quality of beauty that reform should wear; but he is impatient with her, irritable even. She might perhaps have had more influence with him had it not been for Rhoda Derrick, the woman on the other side. Rhoda is young, beautiful, and brilliant, in contradistinction to Mrs. Drummond, who is on the far side of maturity. And Lionel Heseltine is sharply susceptible after his nine months in Africa. Therefore Mrs. Drummond's power is decadent, and Rhoda's influence is creative.

Thus Mrs. Drummond drops out of the tale for a while, and the word of caution she meditates saying when she sees Heseltine becoming absorbed with crude weapons never gets said. Instead of going down to Coln St. Michael to hear her reproof he goes down to Pudsey to woo Rhoda. We cannot be sorry, for the tale of love that gets told at Pudsey will perhaps take its rank with the great things of our literature, with Richard Feverel and Lucy, and with Sandra at Wilming Weir. It not only bears re-reading: it compels re-reading, for it is beautiful exceedingly. It is not the beauty that is given generously with both hands, such as Meredith gave. That is not Mr. Masfield's way. It is finely wrought, carefully balanced; it is chiselled and burnished. But it is something that the mind treasures; and when it is read in the light of the ensuing marriage, the beauty takes a terror to it, like a child's delight by a precipice.

It is not in the social reform which Heseltine undertakes that we are interested; not in the scientific impatience with the primal things of life; not in "Snip-Snap" with its undesirably American method of advertising and hustle; not perhaps even in the entirely more worthy Boys' Brigade. It is the terrible catastrophe of Lionel's marriage with Rhoda that absorbs. In this Mr. Masfield achieves heights that he has never before reached. It is in this whole episode, with its preceding courtship, that the book reaches a greatness that we cannot recall the equal of in contemporary literature. Mr. Masfield is analytical without appearing so. He searches deeply into things. But, let it be said fearlessly, it is not Rhoda who is at fault. Empty she may be, superficially brilliant and thoughtless. But her husband had not made life an art, and therefore could not rise to the rare beauty of loving. He was very active in doing: he did not see that being should precede, even if it seemed entirely to postpone, doing. Like a number of men in the street of to-day, he feared richness of emotion, calling it sentimentality, and therefore became iniquitous. On his very wedding day he was mentally hard and irritable. Therefore he created in her a revulsion, whereas he might have woken rich music out of her had he thought it worth while to do so. And if he did not think it worth while, it is strange to know why he married her. In all this one sees the street of to-day very markedly. And the catastrophe, too, is not uncommon, though there is not often the Mrs. Drummond near at hand to bind up and salve the wound.

It is Mr. Masfield's greatest work this. The construction is somewhat at fault at times, not only in the disproportionateness of the opening, but in the doubtful and temporary introduction of John Dent for no other purpose than to give the sense of time. Its indebtedness in suggestion, derivation, and manner of dialogue to George Meredith is also marked. But it is a book that we shall not easily forget, having read it; it is exalting and purging to the mind; and these are not things that one can say of much that passes for literature in the street of to-day.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM RESURGENT

The Falling Star. By PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.).

In describing Phillips Oppenheim as he appears in "The Falling Star" as "resurgent," we use the term comparatively. The novel is undoubtedly an advance as compared with "The Missing Delora." There are no press-gang peers, and consequently it was not necessary to create a head waiter for them to take their meals with as his guest, and with whom to cultivate generally terms of close intimacy. The fault of "The Falling Star" is mainly that it is too long, with the result that conversations which are in no way remarkable for literary grace or verisimilitude, having regard to the persons who engage in them, are repeated almost *ad nauseam*. The plot is a slight one. A gentleman who is described on page 1 as "obviously a person of breeding and culture" comes upon a poor boy sitting against a rock on his property and dreaming dreams. On page 3 it becomes apparent that the man of "obvious breeding and culture" must indeed be so, because he thus describes himself to the ragged youth whose dreams he has disturbed. "You do not know, my young friend, that I am Henry Prestgate Rochester, Esquire, if you please, High Sheriff of this county, magistrate, and Member of Parliament." How this person of "breeding and culture" describes himself in "Who's Who" is appalling to think of. Mr. Rochester next proceeds to boast of his wealth, and, describing the act he is going to perform as a whim and himself as "more than half a madman," proceeds to tell the boy that if he comes to his house, "Beauleys," on the next day he will give him a sum of money sufficient to keep him for several years. Mr. Rochester, with all his eccentricity, has yet a strain of caution, and he adds: "I do not specify the amount at this moment."

The boy calls, as invited, and Rochester places in his hands the sum of £500, coupled with this advice: "Don't be content with anything less than success." In case of failure, Rochester prescribes for the boy the pleasantest form of suicide, and bids him remember that the men who have failed and who live on are "creatures of the gutter." *Hinc illae lachrymae.*

The youth Saton disappears for a time to enjoy his unexpected fortune. We next find him, in a tattered condition, looking at the muddy waters of the Thames at Westminster. He has failed, and he remembers Rochester's advice: "If you fail, strip off your clothes, and swim out to sea on a sunny day; swim out until your strength fails, and you must sink." We do not think that Saton at any period of his career had sufficient courage to act upon that advice. After a cursory glance at the Thames, he turns his back and walks away. He then remembers that he stopped some runaway horses in Paris, and earned the gratitude of a most repulsive old hag, called the Comtesse de Vestignes. The Comtesse gave him an address in London where he might go if ever he should come to want. Saton calls upon Madame Helgar, the Comtesse's confidant, and from this point we are introduced into an atmosphere of occultism. This is somewhat exasperating, as we have only just done with Mr. Hichens and soul-transference. Mr. Oppenheim's occultism, however, consists of palmistry, crystal-gazing, and the usual charlatanry. We will not waste time in tracing the descent of Saton into his Avernus. Suffice it to say that he is almost bad enough to justify the spelling of his name in a slightly different manner. Eventually he comes under the influence of a disgusting old professor named Naudheim, a person with the manners of a Carlyle and the clothes of a rag-picker. The characters in the book are mostly negatory.

Rochester is a peculiarly unsatisfactory person. Instead of breaking every bone in Saton's body, as he ought to have done in the early stages of the book, he is continually lecturing Saton, addressing him as "my young friend," and threatening him with all forms of dire violence if he ever does certain things again. Saton continues to do them regularly, and incurs nothing worse than another lecture addressed to "my young friend."

There are several silly women, all of whom fall victims to the evil eye of Saton. Saton, in addition to his other accomplishments, is a confirmed blackmailer, and succeeds in extorting £500 from Rochester's wife for the return of a compromising letter which one of his satellites has purloined from the lady. Henry Rochester has always been, and is still, passionately attached to a lady who is meant to be a model of all feminine attributes and virtues, Pauline Marrabel. She is, however, a perfectly futile person. Saton does what he likes with her, and eventually she gives up her life's love to attach herself to the notorious scoundrel and blackmailer who is the hero of the story.

We should like to deal with the book at somewhat greater length, but we have not space to do so. We will simply add that Mr. Oppenheim's novel, without having the slightest pretension to be classed as a work of art, is very readable. It would be far more so, if it had been condensed and one-third of its verbiage eliminated.

CECIL COWPER.

TWO HISTORICAL NOVELS

The Bourgeois Queen of Paris. By JANET M. CLARK. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

The Were-Wolf. By W. B. BEATTIE. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

"FICTION is not always the worst place in which to look for history" is one of the *obiter dicta* of the versatile Lord Rosebery, uttered when he was not "sitting on the fence." The two novels under review go far in support of that statement. Sir Walter Scott made incidents of both Scottish and English history familiar to us all, and the elder Dumas did the same for France, and others have, more or less successfully, followed in their footsteps. Miss (or should we say Mrs.?) Janet M. Clark deals in

THE BOURGEOIS QUEEN OF PARIS

with a phase of French history which was intimately interwoven with our own. The scene of the story is laid in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, just prior to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, when Protestantism was firmly established in this country but had little more than a *pied à terre* in the fair land of France. The real heroine is, to our mind, Constantia, a love-child of the famous Benvenuto Cellini (according to the authoress), though we freely admit that the Bourgeois Queen, a certain Anita Nitouche, runs her very close, and is almost, if not exactly, an "equal first." The hero is Sir Eric Courtenay, who has been sent on a secret mission to the French Protestants. The story shows how much more politics than faith had to do with religion in those days. The Bourgeois Queen is allied with the Catholics, and has won over Paris to their cause, not from any religious scruples, but because she, though she reigns supreme over the Parisians, who adore her, has lost her heart to De Coucy, one of the adherents of the Guises, the leaders of the "Ligue." Constantia is under her protection, and Anita, at De Coucy's behest, prevails upon the unsophisticated girl to dilly-dally with Sir Eric, and worm his

important secret from him. The story is decidedly interesting, and is full of adventure both in the realms of love and high politics, and hairbreadth 'scapes. Many historical personages are introduced to the reader—Guise, Condé, the King of Navarre, Admiral Coligny, and others with whom we are all more or less familiar. Another character, of more humble origin, is Courtenay's attendant, the faithful William, whose remarkable aptitude in acquiring a knowledge of French in the vernacular during the few weeks of his sojourn in Paris was, to say the least, phenomenal.

THE WERE-WOLF

introduces us to a later stage of French history, that of the "Fronde," when Cardinal Mazarin was for a while all-powerful and the "Grand Monarque" not yet in his teens. The story is powerfully though not faultlessly written, and will appeal particularly to those who appreciate the grim and the ruthless. The plot centres upon the infamous "droit du seigneur," and it must be remembered that at this period the French peasantry were in a similar feudal position to that of the Anglo-Saxons shortly after the Norman Conquest and throughout the Plantagenet dynasty, some centuries before. The brutality engendered on both sides by the grinding down of the "peuple" by the "seigneur" is vividly depicted, and the reader of these pages will gain some knowledge of the real causes of the Terror of '93 and the horrors of the Great Revolution. The notorious beauty Ninon de l'Enclos passes across the scene, and we have many glimpses of the famous Cyrano de Bergerac, the inveterate duellist with the big nose, of Anne of Austria, and of the leaders of the "Fronde," particularly De Retz and La Grande Mademoiselle.

The Lonely Road. By A. E. JACOMB. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

If we once admit that so boorish an individual as Gerald Blake, the uncouth hero of this story, could at any period of his life appeal so strongly to the fastidious, cynical, sharp-witted Helen Andrews as to induce her to marry him, the rest of the tragedy follows as a matter of course. Gerald is clumsy, mentally and physically, and a woman such as Helen Andrews will overlook anything rather than clumsiness in a man. However, the two unfortunate people marry, and, as is nowadays the fashion in fiction, the wedding-bells ring up the curtain. Admirably does Miss Jacomb convey the latent antagonism between the temperaments of husband and wife, and the chapters which lead up to the final desperate outbreak, when Helen, half-throttled by Gerald in a drunken fury of resentment against her bitter remarks, leaves the home, empty, to him, are very well shaped for their effect.

Into the tale come other characters for whom life also moves on creaking wheels. The love-story of Kitty, Gerald's sister, infatuated as she is with a selfish *dilettante*, although it ends happily, is sad reading. The same lack of the lighter mood which we had to note in "The Faith of his Fathers" is here again noticeable; and we may quote one paragraph as evidence that the punctuation might have been improved by a little care. Kitty is playing a Spanish dance:—

She played it well, another time she would have been satisfied, to-day she felt there was something wanting, and yet she knew she had never played it better, and Helen and Helen's guests applauded at once and warmly.

It is only fair to say that there are few such slipshod passages in the book. Once admit the possibility of the marriage, as we observed, and the "Lonely Road" of Helen and Gerald opens naturally to our view; but it is a hard admission.

The Rectory Governess. By FERGUS HUME. (C. H. White. 6s.)

WITH a plot altogether out of the common and a passably surprising *dénouement*, Mr. Fergus Hume's latest sensational novel shows that he has lost none of his cunning. His *dramatis personæ* are drawn to the life, and his vivid description of a couple of appalling murders will send a thrill through the most callous reader. It is a relief to feel that the victims were not altogether undeserving of their fate. The story is a combination of robbery, treasure-hunting, love, and hate, and the central figure, the much-persecuted heroine, is sure to win the hearts of all who make her acquaintance. She is engaged as governess to the most delightful and precocious twins that ever romped through the pages of a novel. The hero is a young squire who believes in reincarnation and the law of Karma. He has a scoundrel of a cousin, a villain of the deepest dye, who is primarily responsible for the tragic occurrences with which the book deals. The Rev. Simon Dawlish, the father of the twins, is everything a learned professor in a novel should be. He is naturally absent-minded, but fortunately has a most sensible and kind-hearted housekeeper in his aunt-in-law, Miss Pamela, a lovable relic of the earlier Victorian days. The tracing of the lost treasure and the unravelling of the first murder are mainly due to the squire, who for the nonce turns amateur detective. This first murder is gruesome enough in all conscience, but it is by no means so ruthless as the second one. The latter is occasioned by a mad gardener setting an atrocious trap to kill a rival, and the cause of their rivalry falls a victim to it. The bane of the heroine's existence is her father, one of the most imperturbable rascals that has ever figured in fiction. The story is distinctly one of Mr. Fergus Hume's best, and certainly deserved a better setting than the publisher has given it. Paper, binding, and print leave much to be desired in a six-shilling novel. On some pages the print is execrable.

The Mulberries of Daphne. By KATE HORN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

It could not be expected that the author of "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun" could tell us anything but an interesting, pure, and bright story of the fortunes of the persons who go to make up this happy little romance. It would not be fair to relate how Daphne, tiring of society and the frivolous ways of her mother, to say nothing of the unwelcome attentions of her millionaire *fiancé*, sought peace and refreshment in a quiet little corner far away in Surrey, where, of course, the man whom she had met once before for an all too short half-hour happens to be quartered with his regiment. Suffice it to say that the course of true love runs its proverbial way; but all ends smoothly at the last, much help as well as amusement being caused by Terence Sullivan, an Irish soldier who assists in the household where Daphne takes up her temporary abode.

The Kestrel. By REGINALD SALWEY. (Digby Long and Co. 6s.)

WE are here introduced to a scoundrel, a doctor by profession, and a fool of a woman, who hands over her fortune to the said doctor, who apparently finds it easy to hypnotise his patient. A country vicar and his spouse are thrown in to make a very improbable and not very interesting story. It seems exceptionally difficult to swallow one impossible position in an ordinary novel, although, if an author sets out with the intention of dealing with situations of the kind, and gives sufficient doses, the reader after straining at the first dose seems to find the others much easier to take and not so disagreeable.

REFERENCE BOOKS

The Newspaper Press Directory for 1911. (E. Mitchell and Co. 2s.)

Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1911. (Dean and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Public Schools Year-book, 1911. Edited by H. F. W. DEANE and W. A. EVANS. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS DIRECTORY

FOR over half a century the cheap and useful volume entitled "The Newspaper Press Directory" has been making its annual appearance. Although originally compiled to enable advertisers to ascertain the number and character of the papers available for advertisements, the scope of the Directory has been gradually extended until it now almost serves the purpose of a commercial geography. Special attention is given to the Colonial section and the progress of the Press on the other side of the Atlantic. By the issue of their guide, Messrs. Mitchell and Co. render good service not only to the editors of the 2,395 newspapers of the United Kingdom, but to all those who are in any way connected with or interested in the various publications of the world.

DEBRETT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE JUDICIAL BENCH

Members of Parliament, peers, and lawyers seem always to be a favourite class of persons to be grouped, tabulated, and put into books. This, of course, is quite right and proper, and when the result is similar to that achieved by Messrs. Dean and Son in the 1911 edition of "Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench," we have nothing but praise to bestow. Every portion of the book is well arranged: detailed biographies of M.P.'s and Judges are given, as well as the names of both successful and unsuccessful candidates at the last two General Elections. Messrs. Dean have also taken the trouble to enclose rather an amusing note in which they classify the names of the various Members of Parliament. For instance, under the heading of "Clothing" we are informed that gentlemen possessing the names of Brace, Coates, and Cotton represent their respective constituencies in the House of Commons. The book is printed on good paper, and has many advertisements.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS YEAR-BOOK

In 1910 the Head Masters' Conference adopted the above book as the official book of reference, and from the large mass of information contained in the present volume it would appear that the said Head Masters had done wisely, for there are no less than 775 pages of closely printed matter all dealing with subjects of interest to those in charge of the education of the youth of the country. Well-known public schools such as Eton and Harrow are dealt with at considerable length; while the chapters which give accounts of the professions have the very useful addition of possible openings for students who have passed through their various trainings. Lists are given of public school periodicals, Old Boys' clubs, and educational books of the year.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review. Lent Term, 1911. (Constable and Co. 2s. 6d.)

MR. HERBERT W. TOMPKINS'S "The Tragedy of Porson," in the present issue of this Review, is a really brilliant article from the pen of one who has made a special study of his subject. In a breezy résumé and criticism of the earlier Oxford Magazines, Mr. J. D. Symon shows how

infinitely superior the old papers were to those of the present day, which, he says justly, sacrifice themselves "to the Moloch of the Up-to-date." The quotations from the *Student* and the *Undergraduate* add a dash of boldness and spice which is not to be found nowadays. An extremely interesting contribution on "The Mediæval Literature of the Serbs," by Mr. Malcolm Burr, is followed by a curious, but none the less readable, speculative philosophical article by Mr. Patterson Muir, entitled "The Thing in Itself," which denotes the futility and inanity of searchers for the bed-rock of truth. Mr. Alexander Ramsay's name appears over an all too optimistic discussion anent the Indian as an undergraduate. Mr. Alexander Ramsay, with bland condescension, lets Mr. Kipling down lightly for his indiscretion in boldly stating the impossibility of East and West meeting. He affirms that it is not merely not an impossibility, but an actuality—with what truth the man who knows either Oxford or Cambridge can gauge for himself. With a keenness which is altogether regrettable—since his theories are irreconcilable with practice—he urges the enlargement of the facilities for Indians to become undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge; and, totally forgetful of the actual instances of the falling away from education and civilisation of Indians, within our own memories, after they have returned to their country, he points out a few superficial advantages to back up his arguments. This, however, is no place for the more ample discussion necessitated by a perusal of Mr. Ramsay's perhaps intentionally controversial article. Lastly, there are book criticisms—not ordinary book criticisms, but satirical lashings of a description almost too bitter, which make most anxious reading.

THE THEATRE

"LADY PATRICIA" AT THE HAYMARKET

YOU find yourself up a tree in the literal sense of the expression—a tree in the garden of Mr. Michael and Lady Patricia Cosway at Normanborough; a very fine old tree, in what, you gather, is a very fine old garden. Your eye is caught at once by the ingenious arrangement of deck which has been made in the enormous branches of this old grandfather oak, a deck so large that it holds not only many comfortable chairs but a summer-house quite roomy enough for two stout people to hide in. Your eye is quickly taken away from the general beauty of the scene by the curious, half-pathetic, wailing monotone which rises from an elaborate seat filled with cushions. You realise with a gasp that the voice is that of a woman—a new and curious and different woman, who wears very peculiar clothes with a full knowledge of the effect they will cause, who wears a frock cut very low in broad daylight without looking ridiculous and who shimmers with golds and silvers in an almost Oriental manner. There is a pot of lilies at her elbow, and every now and then her long, naked arm stretches out and her Burne-Jones fingers fondle and caress these once symbolic blooms. In a sort of ecstasy of self-satisfaction Lady Patricia is reciting aloud a poem of Browning's. Her voice is peculiar and unique. You are not quite sure whether it makes you want to laugh or cry. It has in it a touch of *vibrato*, and always the last words of her sentences slant out of tune. You are not quite sure what is the matter with Lady Patricia. You are immensely interested, because she may be mad or merely foolish. She is in no sense of the word conventional. If she were not ambushed behind the old branches of an oak—if, let us suppose, she were seated in a garden on the banks of a river—she would certainly earn the ribaldry of the passers-by. Although alone, Lady Patricia

ntones and gesticulates and sways and preens herself as though she were performing to an audience of Souls. She is quite undisturbed by the appearance of a servant, to whom she gives two lines of Browning and one direction as to cream and sugar. She is undisturbed also at the lumbering earnestness of the old gardener who has come to cut away those leaves which hide the last red passion of the sunset. To both these men Lady Patricia continues to quote and give instructions in blank verse. Suddenly the whole tree shakes with the rush of a new arrival, a red-headed, well-turned-out, quite conventional young man.

You notice to your amazement that the very sight of this boy causes Lady Patricia much emotion, that she thrills and wriggles, and in an utterly unashamed manner thrusts out her long, bare arms, whose fingers twitch to touch and stroke. Your eyes go to the boy, who is quite young enough to be this woman's son, and your thoughts turn quickly to Michael Cosway, the husband, the evidently wealthy and thoughtful husband. It is not, however, until the earnest gardener is harried away that you receive the shock of your life. You see this boy rush into this woman's arms. You hear her sing "Kiss me" again and again. You watch her long fingers playing with his hair and philandering with his face. You hear her call him dearest and darling. You see that his enthusiastic slang is balm to her. She adores him for his youth, his short-haired enthusiasm. She finds him so "young and hungry and inarticulate."

The whole interview between these two leaves you limp with laughter, surprise, and a little horror. By this time you have discovered that the boy is just an ordinary conventional young ass whose vanity has swollen, balloon-like, at the so very noticeable attentions of the great lady, the married woman; that Lady Patricia, from having fallen into the hands of Souls and *poseurs*, people who talk Art and Literature, and spend their little lives in the worship of frieze, has developed into such a mass of affectation, insincerity and artificiality, and that she must not be taken seriously for a single moment. It has already become obvious that she is a woman with a quite wonderful gift of mimicry, who has seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell as *Mélisande* and *Francesca* and *Silicette*. She gives the most delicious imitations of this celebrated actress's tones and gestures, facial expressions, and strange, undefined movements. It is obvious to you that whatever she may have been in her youth, this woman is now an actress; that whether alone or with one other person she peoples the air with a crowd of great admirers, and she almost waits for the outbursts of applause which she is so sure are her due. In a word, you discover that Mr. Rudolf Besier has done a very clever thing: he has put Mrs. Patrick Campbell upon the stage, and he has been lucky enough to persuade Mrs. Patrick Campbell to play her. The result is magnificent. So long as Lady Patricia Cosway is singing and wailing and intoning, or smiling, undulating, and preening, you congratulate yourself upon being in a comfortable stall at the Haymarket Theatre. There are, however, moments when she is absent, changing her frock, when you are not quite so certain that you are an object for congratulation. Moments come of dulness, of repetition, of rather puerile joking, not without a touch of somewhat broad insinuation. But when you come to know that these moments are necessary, and that Lady Patricia's frocks are well worth seeing, you listen to the amiable fooling of a Dean Lesley and a very blunt and hearty Mrs. O'Farrel with indulgence.

There are other moments when Lady Patricia is away that are very far from dull. There is something painfully funny in the sight, for instance, of Michael Cosway, the husband, making sentimental love to "the flapper," as Lady Patricia's "Beel" calls Clare Lesley. Cosway

is forty-five or so, and looks it. He worships Lady Patricia as one worships a beautiful piece of Crown Derby. He firmly believes that she loves him madly, and would die at his infidelity. As a matter of fact, she is altogether too much for him in his home, and he longs to dally with the live girl, full of slang and hot blood and fish-like elusiveness. He longs to feel that he is back again in the early 'twenties, and to forget that his joints creak a little, and that his hair is running very quickly away from his forehead. The pretty girl, charmingly but brutally abrupt and frank, who says precisely what she means at all the wrong moments, who climbs trees and gets her frock torn and asks the first handy person to pin her up, is brought to her first moment of seriousness by the sudden, horrified confession of Michael's love. Just as it was extremely funny and a little painful to see the beautiful woman throwing herself at the head of a boy, it is still more funny and still more painful, at any rate from a man's point of view, to see the almost elderly man chasing a girl.

This is Mr. Rudolf Besier's play. He sets out in the highest spirits and at the top of his form to show two people who detest the idea of growing old. He makes them clutch desperately and foolishly at a fleeing youth by endeavouring to awaken the passions of the really young. In order that this pathetic and terrible subject may not make sympathetic men and women shudder in their seats, Mr. Besier has wrapped it up in silver paper which glistens with brilliant touches of satire, exquisitely delicate suggestions of characterisation and wholly irresistible dialogue. The play and the setting of the play satisfy every sense. He has called his leading characters Cosway, and has unconsciously caught a good deal of the great miniature painter's art. The strong, broad brush of the ordinary dramatist is never in evidence in *Lady Patricia*. There is, in fact, nothing of oils or water-colours in the work. Mr. Besier's medium is the crayon, and his pictures are pastels—at least the pictures in "*Lady Patricia*," for, as we know, Mr. Besier has many mediums. He can write you a sordid drama or a poetical romance in blank verse. All his work has been admirable; but none of it has been so pleasing, so soothing, so light as the work in his latest play.

His study of *Lady Patricia* is quite masterly, worked out with great observation and humour and not a little daring. It would be libellous if it were not so funny. He is, perhaps, a little unnecessarily cruel in his drawing of Michael. The cult of the flapper is no new thing. It is very human for the almost elderly man to be fascinated by the little creature who is hardly yet a butterfly—a woman in the chrysalis stage, to whom nearly all ordinary things are mysteries. But the boy and girl are perfectly drawn. Here Mr. Besier is quite fair. He gives them no more than their share of vanity and all their share of attractiveness. They are both living creatures who come on to the stage from life, and leave it to go back to life. His study of the flapper type is quite the best of its kind. Her surprise at being told that she is loved by the man she calls "you dear, solemn old thing," and her final remark, when he stands gazing at her with a sort of frightened hunger, "Kiss me, and get it over quick," are desperately true.

The Dean is a charming person; so is Mrs. O'Farrel, the typical, common-sense, untheatrical woman, who is just as well able to give advice as to how to wash a bath as to treat whooping-cough—a cheery, capable woman. As to Baldwin, the gardener, there are no words in the English dictionary with which to describe his earnestness and drollery. One can only say that he might have lived in the brain of Mr. J. M. Barrie. Mr. C. V. France got every ounce out of the character without any obvious effort—a very ripe and admirable performance. Miss Athene Seyler was Clare Lesley from head to foot, and Mr. Charles Maude once more

proves his extraordinary versatility as the ingenious Bill O'Farrel. Mr. Arthur Wontner as Michael Cosway surprised us. We have not liked him very much hitherto. In this play, however, he acts with great restraint and the right touch of solemnity. It goes without saying that Miss Rosina Filippi is good. So there remains Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It is inconceivable to imagine Lady Patricia in the hands of any other actress. Lady Patricia Cosway is Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mrs. Patrick Campbell knows it, is highly amused by it, has the humour to be filled with admiration at the excellence and truthfulness of the picture, which is in no sense of the word a caricature, and gives an exquisite and epoch-making imitation of herself. Mr. Rudolf Besier and Mrs. Patrick Campbell together will fill the Haymarket Theatre for many months to come, with the able assistance of the other members of the company and Mr. Herbert Trench himself, who has mounted the play with great taste. "Lady Patricia" is indeed the best thing to be seen, and will, we are sure, weather triumphantly the storm which is sinking nearly every other play in London and driving Mr. Charles Frohman out of two theatres until the autumn.

THE GREAT QUEST—II.*

BY ARTHUR MACHEN

IN thus indicating the scope of "Mysticism" I hope that I have, by the way, disabused the mind of my readers of a possible illusion—that I am going to "review" it. To do this adequately would mean the writing not of an article, but of a treatise, and even if I were competent for such a task, considerations of space would forbid. I must, therefore, point out that my office is not to review Miss Underhill's book, but to indicate it, pointing out by the way one or two matters which have struck me as especially interesting.

First, then, let me call attention to the extreme neatness with which the author demolishes that fantasy or nightmare which we speak of as the real world or the material universe. Any one, as she says, who thinks that the true world corresponds with the world as seen and cognised by us is in a state of mind compared with which the most dark and tortuous superstitions of the Neapolitan peasantry are high, intellectual illumination. In our "practical" moments we think that the grass is green and that bricks are hard solids; and for the convenience of ordinary talk and ordinary dealing in bricks this is well enough—just as it is highly convenient to say that the sun rises at 6 a.m., though the sun does nothing of the kind. But if we really believe interiorly that grass is green and that bricks are hard solids: well, it would be necessary to seek the wildest fictions of the "Arabian Nights" for a parallel. The real truth of the matter is demonstrated by Miss Underhill by the happy analogy of a telegraphic message. The soul, she says, is at the receiving end of a telegraphic wire:—

The receiving instrument registers certain messages. She [the soul] does not know, and . . . never can know, the object, the reality at the other end of the wire, by which those messages are sent; neither can the messages truly disclose the nature of that object. . . . It is obvious that the structural peculiarities of the telegraphic instrument [the senses] will have exerted a modifying effect on the message. That which is conveyed as dash and dot, colour and shape, may have been received in a very different form. Therefore this message, though it may in a partial sense be relevant to the supposed reality at the other end, can never be adequate to it.

* *Mysticism: a Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness.* By Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen and Co. 15s. net.)

Note also the entirely satisfactory and convincing reply to the common objection that some of the "symptoms" of mysticism are similar to certain "symptoms" of spiritualism, hysteria, and even intoxication—there are passages in De Quincey's famous account of the states of the opium-eater which offer very strong and highly remarkable analogies to states of the mystic consciousness. "Idiots," says Miss Underhill, "are often voluble, but many orators are sane." This, too, is a valuable distinction between magic (or occult science) and mysticism: "Magic wants to get; mysticism wants to give." The book is full of these brief and pregnant sentences; defining and distinguishing whole worlds of thought by the clear and true magic of a simple and clean-cut phrase.

Here and there I venture to disagree with the author of "Mysticism." Thus, she alludes to the "congregational prayer for rain of orthodox Protestants" as an instance of the magical spirit intruding into the mystic or religious sphere. Well, in the first place, the phraseology is curious. I presume that by "orthodox Protestants" Miss Underhill means to refer us to the members of that body which is styled "Ecclesia Anglicana" in Magna Charta, and to the "weather petitions" of the Book of Common Prayer; the inference being that the Anglican Church is peculiar in Christendom in praying for rain and fine weather. But Miss Underhill must surely be familiar with the prayers in the Roman Missal "*Ad petendam pluviam*," "*Ad postulandam serenitatem*," "*Ad repellendas tempestates*," and "*Pro peste animalium*." She must also have read in "The Divine Liturgy of St. Chrysostom" the supplication: "For healthfulness of air, plenty of the fruits of the earth, and peaceful times;" and again in "The Divine Liturgy of St. Mark" the Synapte, containing the prayers:—

Send down rains on the places that want and stand in need of them. Raise the waters of the river to their measure through Thy grace. Increase the fruits of the earth, to seed-time, and to harvest . . . this humble and poor and Christ-loving city, preserve it, O God, from evil days, from famine, plague, and incursion of the heathen.

It is, therefore, difficult to see any reason for attributing these "magical" petitions to Anglicanism, as distinguished from Orthodoxy or Roman Catholicism. Furthermore, and this is of greater importance, there is reason to believe that the author is wrong in classing these weather-prayers as magical. They are in reality all included in the petition, "*Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie*," and by the Authority from which this petition proceeds they are finally justified. And again, every petition of a Christian man, of what nature soever, is eternally governed by the great words, "*Fiat voluntas tua*." The magician says, "My will be done," the Christian says, "Thy Will be done," and between these two supplications yawns the great gulf, the "magnum chaos," that parts hell from heaven. True it is that the mystic will not pray for fine weather for himself, but for a good reason. For he indeed in this world has changed his life; as it was reported of King Arthur he is come to Avalon, the isle beyond the glassy floods:—

The island valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair, with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

When a man has reached the Isle of the Saints that is across the water-floods he needs not to say with "orthodox Protestants," or Greeks, or Romans, "*aeris serenitatem nobis tribue supplicantibus*," since the sky above him is serene for evermore.

Finally, it must be remembered that the mystic life is a great paradox, which is of lesser paradoxes all compact. In

noticing Mr. Jameson's admirable book, called "Art's Enigma," in these columns, I pointed out, I think, following Mr. Jameson, that what is called "reason" by the average man in his average moments is in reality a conglomeration of absurdities and misapprehensions and misapplied principles, and before one begins to think even of mysticism it is necessary to clear the mind of this doleful mass of cant that doth so easily overcloud it. The mathematicians give us two rules about parallel straight lines—the first is that they never meet, but the higher counsel is that they meet in infinity. And if such a paradox as this be allowed in the most definite and demonstrable of all the sciences, which is, in a lower sense, the *scientia scientiarum*, we may well be prepared to meet with sayings as strange and yet stranger in the Science and Art of Life Everlasting, dealing not with lines and surfaces, and numbers but with the approach of the human spirit to its eternal home,

And so there are, indeed, strange reports of those great adventurers, the mystics. They say, for example, that knowledge, which they never sought as an end, is poured upon them, not through reading of treatises or by torture of the brain, but by the exercise of a morality which (to us) seems heroic. And, again, they say that to them A is at once equal to X and not-X; which, indeed, is a great marvel in England, but common matter enough in Avalon, as is faithfully reported. Thus, for example, these knights-errant love their fellows with a far deeper and more burning love than that which holds amongst us; and yet—like those who ate of a certain herb in Homer—the death of those they love brings to them no anguish of grief. To them the beauty of a rose appears with a glory of which we in England have no thought or vision, since in this isle blossom no such roses, but only "in insula Avallonia;" and yet in the desert these men find as much delight and joy and pleasure as if they were lying in the midst of roses.

But there is no need to speak more of these strange paradoxes and wonders, since they are all very well set down by that great mystic and Knight Errant of Holy Church, St. Paul, who wrote "sorrowful yet alway rejoicing," "dying and behold we live" and the rest.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

IV.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRANQUILLITY

WHEN my holiday is over—though, as a correspondent has very kindly pointed out to me, the holidays of a poet should have no end—I think I should like to settle down to the serious business of life in a canal-boat. It will be remembered that Stevenson expresses a similar desire at the end of the "Inland Voyage," and Stevenson had a pretty taste in life. He was wise enough to bracket the onion with the nectarine as Nature's noblest confections, and many people must have echoed his longing for a yacht and a string quartette of his own. It would be a pleasant task to fit out a canal-boat for an aimless, delightful voyage. The bottles of old wine, the books of verse, a crew out of one of Mr. Jacobs's stories, a rack of muskets for make-believe—all these necessities would have to be chosen with loving care. It would be well perhaps to take Southey's advice, and add a "kitten rising six months and a child rising three years," so that youth should not be forgotten. Chloe, with all deference to Fitzgerald, we should leave behind, lest she should take it into her little head to make a wilderness of our sufficient paradise. There is nothing, as the Water Rat remarks in the "Wind in the Willows," half so pleasant in life as messing about in boats, and if we made up our

mind never to get anywhere, and never to accomplish anything, life in a canal-boat could not fail to be delightful.

I came to this conclusion a year ago at Rickmansworth, and the canal-boats of Belgium have strengthened my opinion. It will always be a matter of regret to me that when I once journeyed from Antwerp to Brussels by canal I slept all the way, and so failed to keep any log of the voyage. It is the shape of canal-boats that attracts me, and the pace at which they go. They are clearly built for comfort rather than for speed. Here in Brussels every canal-boat has a cheerful dog with a curly tail, a cage or two of birds, and a number of small children, whose ages can be estimated from the washing drying overhead. The stern of the boat, where the domesticities triumph, is painted bright green and yellow, and here a section of the family is always having tea or some equivalent meal, watched over by a woman of astonishing breadth, stolen out of one of Rubens' pictures. Of course there is a serious side to the business. I happened to stop near a *dépôt* where these salty mariners get their drinking-water, and with a real thrill I watched two small boys row up in a boat with the ship's cask aboard. That was how the Elizabethans watered their ships, and I could not blame the boys for emphasising the importance of their mission. While I was looking on at this, an old gentleman in green carpet-slippers came up and told me something very interesting at great length. Unfortunately he spoke in Flemish, so that I only understood every third word, and had to content myself with smiling amiably in reply. This double-language question must be rather troublesome sometimes. It is strange to hear children addressing their parents in Flemish, and the parents answering in French. I am told that there are some Belgians who know neither language, but express themselves in a mixture of both, though fate has spared me their acquaintance.

English novelists who sigh over their diminishing royalties may at least be glad that they were not born in Belgium. I was talking the other evening to a novelist whose first novel won the prize given by the Belgian Government every year to the author of the best novel in French written by a Belgian. In spite of this he only sold a little over a hundred copies, and made a net loss of thirty pounds on his book. It seems that there are no real publishers in Brussels, and that while Belgian writers have to face the powerful competition of French authors, the French publishers will not look at a book by a Belgian unless he has forced his way into one of the literary cliques of Paris. It was a sad story, and to comfort him I told him of an English novelist who said to me that if he took more than six weeks to write a novel he made a loss on it. But the commercial side of literature is an unpleasing business that no longer concerns poets—they, at least, are free from any harassing doubts as to the pecuniary consequences of their work; and this is as it should be, for love is the only wage that can command the noblest labour. That it will not pay hotel bills is the fault of society and not of the publishers.

I learn from the calendar that I have been here three weeks, but they have passed like a peaceful summer afternoon. Yet tranquillity, though we woo it so ardently, is at best a negative boon, and, being English, I shall soon have to seek another country. Brussels, with its cobbles and its admirable but noisy service of trams, is not really a quiet city, but the wit of man has not yet invented anything so nerve-destroying as the motor-buses of London. Yet it is clear that the true causes of tranquillity lie deeper than this. Probably few readers remember the poem, though it has won the approbation of Mr. Andrew Lang, in which that inconsiderable versifier, Thomas Haines Bailey, expressed a passionate wish to see new faces. There is a good deal of

human nature in the thing, but it is a cry for peace and not for adventure, for new faces do not really astonish us so much as changes in the old. As a matter of fact, things seen for the first time hardly ever surprise us, and a man paying his first visit to Niagara may be more impressed, but certainly is not so astonished, as the Member of Parliament who finds a water-main burst in Westminster. When we leave our normal environment we expect the unexpected, and rob wonder of its fire. A dragon-fly in my suburban garden would thrill me more than forty aeroplanes at Nice.

It is idle to seek tranquillity in places or among people that have shared the especial hours of our joy or sorrow. We shall find old echoes ringing in the "porches" of our ears, we shall find old emotions moving wistfully in our hearts. For me London is scrawled over with a kind of emotional shorthand of past days and nights, that rouses a deep unrest in my heart and gives my mind no peace. There are streets that haunt me, and faces, even faces of people whom I do not know. That is why I find Brussels restful, where the houses do not know my histories, and the faces I see in the streets have no significance for me. If it were not for the string-bands in the cafés that will play old songs they ought to have forgotten long ago, Chloe by now would be dead and buried with the millions of Chloes that were before her, waiting for the millions of Chloes that shall follow after. As it is she lingers, dimly sweet, like an old tune that we heard Pan play on his pipes when we were boys.

Not very long ago in England a novel, professedly written by a woman who had suffered from temporary insanity, caused a certain amount of sensation. About the same time I bought a book called "*Sordid Amok*" in the Charing Cross Road for a shilling that seemed to me to be very much nearer the real thing. But now I have come across a book published in Brussels in 1874 that is the beginning and the end of the literature of madness. "*Les Chants de Maldoror*," by the Comte de Lautréamont, is the most astonishing book that I have ever read. It is an imaginative nightmare described with extraordinary literary power and sincerity. Perhaps I may be permitted to give some account of it in a future number of *THE ACADEMY*.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE PROCESSION

BY W. H. KORBEL

THE edge of the broad belt of sub-tropical forest rises up from the stretch of coarse pastures as sheer and as clearly defined as a dark green cliff from a light green sea. If you would carry the metaphor further, the material lies most conveniently at hand, for the wall of verdure is splashed with what might well have been flung up from the green swell beneath—a spray of flowers. But here all fancies of the kind must end; for white is only one of the more insignificant of the colours with which nature has painted these blossoms. Of all tints, from flaring red to yellow and deep purple, they fleck the leaves at every point with a delightful generosity, whether set about the bases of the trees or clinging to the branches in mid-air.

In one place only is there a break in the close wall of foliage and flower. There, a dark patch of deeper shadow marks the entrance cleaved by a tunnel-like path. Emerging from this into the full sunlight of the open *campo* is the track. Fighting hard to maintain its narrow thread of bareness intact in the face of the encroaching grass tussocks, it has crawled out from its leafy shelter like a woodland snake, to rise and dip in harmony with the undulating ground.

Some few hundred yards from the forest the slender path passes in the neighbourhood of a pool, a few acres of water that shimmer in a hollow of the land. Set in the earth on one side of this are the worn stumps of a timber sufficiently hard to resist the onslaughts of a couple of centuries. The resistance has been merely partial, it is true, since the wood, chastened now and subdued to match the colour of the red earth, is all that remains of the once great beams of a bridge that stretched from one side to the other of the small lake. As a relic of the Jesuit dominion of old, it has numerous fellows in this north-eastern corner of Argentina. Some are slightly better preserved, others scarcely perceptible at all, but all have reached that final stage which hovers between ruin and total annihilation, for here, in Misiones, the ruins of stone and wood still brood heavily, despite the material prosperity that has come upon the province.

Without the boundaries of the forest the low green hills are all but innocent of trees, save where the streams in the valleys wind their way beneath their well-defined curtains of branches and leaves. Far away in the distance is a solitary homestead, a speck of white that pricks out palely from against the background of another forest patch. A few cows are grazing here and there; many butterflies are flitting to and fro, and a bevy of tall herons remain in motionless meditation by the edge of the pond. Of humanity there has been no sign whatever: but an absence of the kind is a phase which seldom endures long, even in this remote province of Misiones.

The manner of humanity's appearance, when it occurs, is strange enough. All at once the even shadow of the woodland tunnel is vaguely mottled by advancing forms. Then out into the blinding light come three riders—a man, a woman, and a boy. A dramatic appearance this, for it is no ordinary riding party that emerges so abruptly from the shadows. The man and the boy are as glorious as such poor finery as they possess can make them. Nevertheless they serve as the mere complements of the procession, comparatively dull and undistinguished in aspect. It is the form of the woman who rides between the pair that catches the eye. Her dress is composed of nothing beyond the ordinary loose garments of the local womenfolk; but its vivid colouring of yellow and red lends a flaunting majesty even to this crude garb. In her hand she holds a lofty, slender shaft that pricks upwards to the point where a broad blue and white flag floats from its extremity.

As the group advances slowly, the apparition might well cause the spectator to rub his eyes. Seen from a distance, there is undoubtedly something mediæval in the appearance of the small party disgorged by the forest in this lonely spot. The standard, fluttering gently to the breeze on its long lance, might well be waving above a band of knights-errant in gallant defiance of the villains, monsters, and wizards lurking in the glades.

The expedition might well be concerned with all this. The reality is not altogether without its romance—but of quite another kind. Notwithstanding the gallantry of the show, these folk are out for profit, not for deeds of daring or war, though death, as a matter of fact, is responsible for the excursion. Lying in a reed-hut somewhere in the neighbourhood is the dead body of a young child. Hence the tears of joy that were shed when the little creature breathed its last, and hence the present moment of gladness. For the dead child is one of the fortunate few. Translated ere the world could fleck its immaculate purity, no half-way houses to heaven have lain in the path of this blessed infant. It is an *angelito* already—a little angel—and this at the cost of but a few months of mortal life!

It is necessary that this direct passage from earth to glory should be celebrated fittingly by those left behind.

At such times spiritual exaltation must be displayed in material form, and into earthly rejoicings enters the inevitable question of ways and means. Nothing less than a *fiesta* can mark the occasion, and a *fiesta* entails dancing, meat, and drink—and money. Otherwise the rejoicings around the body of the *angelito* laid out in state may prove of too modest an order to suit the celestial nature of the event. Hence the procession, the gaudy clothes, and the brilliant flag beneath which the riders advance.

Just now the group is bound for the solitary hut that appears as a white speck in the distance. Arrived there, the riders will tell the glad news, give out the invitation to the revels, and will await the contribution that is certain not to fail them. Whether it take the form of a chicken, a duck, or a few centavos, the offering can be counted on as surely as the presence of the guests at the feast. Then the riders will make their way to the next humble homestead, and will continue to scour the countryside until the list of their acquaintances is exhausted and the corresponding offerings gathered in.

The three are passing away in the distance now. Heralds of the *angelito*, the brave show is worthy even of the new inhabitant of the skies. This they know, and are proportionately proud. As they wend their way by a lapacho tree that stands in solitude upon the open *Campo*, the vividness of the procession attains to its climax. Past the great spread of branches, smothered to the full in the soft pink of their blossoms, goes the yellow and red of the woman who bears the blue and white flag. The ensign of the *angelito* is in the hands of the mother of the dead. It is possible that her whole heart may be given to the upholding of the gaudy thing. On the other hand, it may be with the little body in the reed hut. But, if so, she would never tell.

ASPECTS OF TRAGEDY—III.

SHAKESPEARE drew men and women of flesh and blood; for the most part of beautiful flesh and of hot blood that pulsed to the passions of love and hatred, pity and revenge. He painted the glowing life of his time with a pen dipped in the eternal fires that burn upon Melpomene's high altar. Yet it should be noted that all his scenes are played out in an earlier age or in a foreign country. He never confessedly set his scenes and characters in Elizabethan England. Yet his people live, grow, and develop, not in old Rome, nor beside the passionate Adriatic, but beside the grey, untroubled Thames and in the lanes and fields of Warwickshire.

His drama of mingled incident and personality soars from height to height until in "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet" it rests upon a summit unapproached and hitherto unapproachable. Because of his reluctance to write confessedly of his own age and people we must place Shakespeare among the romantic dramatists. Only he who writes of to-day or the not remote yesterday can claim to be a realistic dramatist. Yet Shakespeare was never fettered by the unities, those baffling Aristotelian propositions which, wherever, they are followed, tend to the stultification of the living drama. They are as impossible of realisation as the definitions of Euclid, or as the ideal drama of the witty Frenchman, which should be all action and psychology, which should present the crisis in the fates of the characters; but of whom the audience should not find it necessary to know one word concerning their lives up to the moment of their appearing on the stage.

The other Elizabethan dramatists, both before and after Shakespeare, place too fond a reliance upon the power of sheer physical horror to lend awfulness to their tragedies. This is thoroughly remote from the spirit of Greek tragedy,

which would not suffer horrors upon the stage, but only showed forth their effect upon the characters. Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," at the other extreme, is a veritable orgy of violent deaths. The mingled play of passions and their results, which in Shakespeare blends with such perfect art into a harmonious whole, is the true median way in which sober-apparelled tragedy walks with most fitting dignity.

After the short-lived period of Græco-Roman influence which produced "Gordobuc" and one or two other lifeless and uninteresting examples of drama, the lurid Italian tales and the violence of the Spanish drama may have reacted unfavourably upon our Elizabethan galaxy. It may reasonably be inferred that the half Spanish Court of Mary's reign had introduced Spanish letters to the notice of the English *littérateurs*; and however changed politically the Hispano-English relations may have become in Elizabeth's reign, a warlike international sentiment is rarely strong enough to interdict the artists, poets, and fine craftsmen of the opposing nations from fitting appreciation of one another's masterpieces. In the fellowship of art alone the dream-creed of universal brotherhood is realised.

In the "Mayor-Domo de la Duquesa de Amalfi" of Lope de Vega we have clearly the genesis of our own Webster's "Duchess of Malfy," and so with many others.

Shakespeare stands a demi-god, the epitome of drama at its highest; but next to him in his time we must place Marlowe. We should remember that Marlowe was bidden to join the company of the timeless dead at twenty-nine, when, in our day of old-young men and young-old women, most young poets have scarcely begun to realise their singing-voices. Indeed, one fact that must strike us as remarkable is the extreme youth of all these poets. The greater number of them died in their twenties and thirties; Shakespeare himself, a worn-out valetudinarian, at fifty-two. They grew early to blithe and vigorous manhood, took life's gifts with both hands; of them, as aforetime, it became a truism that the violent fire burns soonest out. Doubtless, it was well; who would not sooner send a beacon flame to heaven, a glorious tower of gold, soon quenched, than smoulder endlessly on, a slow, fitful blaze, half smothered in stenchy smoke?

When Marlowe died he had already given us real and powerful drama in the concluding scene of "Dr Faustus," and in "Edward II." had written a glowing, living history-play upon which "Richard II." was confessedly modelled. The inflated yet sonorous and truly poetic "Tamburlaine" travelled with him, if rumour may be credited, from Oxford, that foster-mother of impractical dreams: small wonder if we find it ponderous; yet how vividly it stands out from the contemporary work of Kyd, Greene, Lodge, or Peele. These last all wrote matchless lyrics, for which alone their dramas deserve to be read, had not the faithful and tireless anthologist already torn the most jewelled of them from their setting in interminable mazes of rhetoric.

Shakespeare had the great practical advantage over Marlowe and his fellows of being himself an actor; he was consequently well aware not only of what would act, but also of what conclusively would not; and he had access to the company's stock-cupboard when he would seek raw material for his plays.

That he himself did not unduly borrow from his contemporaries is evidenced by the love they bore him; pleasantly exemplified in the action of Hemming and Condall, his fellow-actors to the last, who, out of pure goodwill to his memory, brought out the first folio seven years after his death. It is again proved by the ungrudging tribute of Francis Meares in the "Wit's Treasury," and still more by the adulation of Ben Jonson.

Shakespeare may be said to have invented, as he is almost

sole exemplar of, natural tragedy. Witness the admirable dying speech of Mercutio.

"Why the devil came you between us?" he gasps. "I was hurt under your arm." Which is a right and natural utterance for a man that has his quittance from a rapier's point. Compare with this the long and impossibly unhuman dying speeches of earlier playwrights and of Shakespeare himself in less perfect plays.

Shakespeare understood to perfection the use of contrast and of irony. What could be more nobly, tragically ironic than Romeo's—

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts?

A moment later the messenger arrives with tidings of Juliet's death. Then consider the superb effect of the interposition of the prosy speech of the doddering old porter who keeps the gate in "Macbeth," between two scenes of tragic intensity.

Schiller failed to realise the significance of this break. He did not see how it at once relieved and heightened the darkness past and the darkness to come.

After the death of its supreme master the Elizabethan drama produced few plays capable of holding a modern audience, or even very agreeable for "closet-reading." Farther and farther divorced from nature, unwarmed by glowing contact with life, resolutely stifled by the growing power of the Puritans, and weakened by its own excesses, the heroic drama languished and died. Many valiant attempts have been made to revive it, but not one that we can account entirely successful.

ETHEL TALBOT.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE dominant impression that one carries away from this exhibition is its extraordinary inequality. Good work and bad clash at every turn, and disturb the judgment. Some of the work exhibited ought to have had no place in any serious show of pictures, least of all in a society which is privileged to call itself "Royal." Perhaps ill-health is accountable for the fact that Sir Alfred East has not risen to the level of his powers in any of the work which he contributes, though the winner of his picture, "The Edge of the Farm," which is offered as the first prize of the Art Union, may count himself a fortunate man, for the second-rate work of the veteran is finer, after all, than the first-rate productions of smaller men. His "Cornish Valley," however, leaves little impression upon us. Mr. Rex Vicat Cole maintains the tradition of an honoured name in his "Evening Mists," and we have a pleasant memory of Mr. Carruthers Gould's "Exmoor, from Selworthy"—a wide-spreading landscape bathed in brilliant sunshine. Mr. G. S. Walters also succeeds well, to our mind, with his "Summer Evening on the Maas, Holland," which is full of restfulness and the pathos of evening-time. There is some capital swirling water, too, in Mr. Hely Smith's "Just below the Weir." There is more promise than achievement in Mr. Joseph Simpson's "A Lyric," which impresses while it tantalises with its sense of incompleteness. Mr. Laszlo's powerful and sympathetic portrait of Miss L. M. Faithfull is a capital piece of work, which places that artist on a high pinnacle among his contemporaries. In spite of its mannerism, we like, too, Mr. Hal Hurst's clever portrait of Lady Lockhart of Lee—a three-quarter length of

a beautiful woman in evening dress, standing with parted lips and in expectant attitude, both most difficult to render, as Mr. Hurst has done, with any approach to life. And Mr. McLellan's clever and brilliant "Souvenir de Clouet" also demands a mention. Mr. Hayley Lever sends some characteristic views of St. Ives and elsewhere; his work is always of an individual sort, and he sees things through his own eyes, and not, so to speak, at second-hand. Mr. F. Foottet sends some striking works, especially "Evening," in which a Cumberland landscape under an evening light is treated with rare poetic feeling and simplicity; and the work of Mr. George C. Haité is well represented by "The Castle," "Cagnia, on the French Riviera," and the clever sketch which he calls "Moorish Shops."

Among the water-colours, Mr. Hawkesworth's river studies, of which there are several, are exceedingly good of their kind; Mr. Haslehurst's clever landscapes and studies of old buildings, which are steadily winning him an assured place among book illustrators in colour, are much and worthily in evidence; and Mr. Cecil King's "Rouen" and "Dreadnoughts" have a fine simplicity and grip of colour. Chief, perhaps, in this section, and one of the most striking pictures in the Exhibition, is Mr. Birkbeck's "The Red House," a bold and powerful work, masterful in colour and execution, which deserves a much more conspicuous place on the walls than it has received. And for sheer cleverness of technique we do not think that Mr. Owen Merton's "Second-hand Shop, Paris," could easily be excelled.

AN EXHIBITION OF LITHOGRAPHS

MR. R. GUTEKUNST is now exhibiting at 10, Grafton Street an interesting and representative collection of lithographs, and the exhibition affords an excellent opportunity of comparing the work of men whose aims and methods differed very widely. The work of Charles Shannon is certainly most successful in the smaller impressions which have most in common with Whistler, of whose exquisite lithographs six may be seen here, among them "The Winged Hat" and one of the famous Lyme Regis series. There are some of Professor Legros' delicate portraits, including that of Cardinal Manning and the "Tête d'une petite fille," and also a fine study—"Retour des Paysans." Finally, there are the lithographs of Fantin Latour, the most interesting of which is perhaps the small and unpretentious portrait of the artist at the age of seventeen.

A SONG OF THE MOTOR: A SERIES

II

FROM the Weald of Sussex to the Wolds of Yorkshire. This is the proposal to a Man at the Wheel who loves a good road-craft for its unflagging energy, its implicit obedience to control, its dogged power and swift progress. The proposal is hailed *con amore* by the Man at the Wheel, for, though he had trodden where no other white man had before penetrated in Equatorial Africa, and lived in the land of the Mogul never had he seen the vast moors of Yorkshire, its beautiful dales, or the noble pile of its wonderful Minster. An underlying reason for the journey is to visit a relative who has forsaken the world for self-abnegation and the rigid rule of a community busied with the moral and mental training of those of her sex and religion, destined, perhaps, to become the mothers of future men and women in and of the world.

The means for going up almost the length of England by road for the sake of wayside incident, ever-changing scene,

al fresco meals, and possible adventure, is a very finished specimen from "Vulcan's forge"—coincidentally conceived and brought into being from wonderful steels evolved by the union of science and genius in that very county of Yorks which is the magnet of attraction—a six-cylinder gear-boxless motor car of Sheffield-Simplex make. Of generous power, imparting the thrill that comes from controlling a "live" force pulsing with potentialities and delightful motion that gives an almost Magic Carpet sense of transport, the car proves a very aeroplane of the road. Curbed, however, by judicious "throttling" by means of a cunningly contrived sliding pedal-action, the maximum power has not often to be called into use, and then only for hills that might be likened to mythical dragons arising to bar the way to contest the strength and valour of a Knight-Errent in shining armour. On this run, pace as pace is not desired, and possession chastens desire. The journey is not to be a record scramble, but rather a quiet ramble through the countryside, so that the car's rhythmic song born of its motion will seldom leave a minor key.

A route being more or less "pricked out" on various invaluable Bartholomew maps, the first place to potter through and examine with kindly eyes is Horsham, with its artistic lichened stone roofs, its bull-ring and stocks, its Carfax, Bishopric, and Normandy, and last but not least its Middle-street. Here in this alley-way of main road stands a farmer's spring-cart, with its tail to the car, in which a man sits immersed in the day's news. A gentle insinuating hint from the motor-horn that passage is politely required is met with excited abuse actually abetted by a blue-aproned butcher; so dignity gives way before impudence, and the car is backed to a roundabout turn. Wooded and parklike country leads to Guildford, where caution is required and duly observed up the steep past its Castle ruin. Then away over sandy heath and pine country into Windsor Forest of gnarled oaks, under the walls of the Royal Castle, on past Runnymede, where barons over-ruled their King, and finally into tortuous, high-banked danger-ways to St. Albans, site of the first Roman town in Britain, to "lie" for the night. Next morning, after inspection of the Abbey, foretaste of the great churches farther north, the journey is resumed, picnic lunch, favoured by sunshine, being enjoyed later on in a leafy wood and screened from passing gaze. Then onward again over a great sweep of gently rolling country, meeting few vehicles, and passing through mere hamlets of no interest beyond their human note, till at last shabby Peterborough is reached, and suddenly unfolds through an old archway the great sombre but beautiful *façade* of its Cathedral, where Catharine of Aragon lies, and where was interred for a time poor libelled Mary of Scots.

Leaving Peterborough in pensive mood from memories of the two unhappy queens, the purring car bears the sight-seers through the Fen country. Though now devoid of scenic effect, it was once forest land from which our British Amazon Boadicea launched herself in indomitable frenzy against the Roman invaders who had ravished her daughters and put countless thousands of them to the sword, only to suffer two short years afterwards such defeat in return as caused her to take her own life in despair. Here among the Fens also gallant Hereward the Wake, who lives for ever enshrined in the hearts of Englishmen through Charles Kingsley's pen, successfully defied Norman William, only to be eventually treacherously slain almost in his sleep. The stern Ironsides of Cromwell, too, were Fen men. The Fens have been the breeding-place of fighters, not only in ancient times against wolfish Vikings and Roman cohorts, but also later and into present times against the invading sea, hungry to swallow the rich and fertile soil. On the car goes, leaving these heart-stirring scenes of the great past, for Lincoln, where the Man at the Wheel has one of the

surprises of his life on finding that Lincoln clings round a very steep hill that tilts the car at an uncomfortable angle. The hill is crowned by the glorious Cathedral pile, of double cruciform shape, the stained windows of which are among the finest in the world, this decision being quickly arrived at by some of party recently from Rome, Naples, Florence, and Milan.

From Lincoln the route has to pass through Doncaster, where the "men in the street" know not the word "petrol," but guess its meaning, after some cogitation, as "that wot makes the motor go." For reasons, Sheffield has to be passed by, and thus the chance is lost of seeing the home and nursery of its Simplex car behaving so splendidly in the hands of the Man at the Wheel who, while expecting it, yet marvels at the sensitive steering, instant response to every demand, and subtle buoyancy. Partly of set purpose, and partly by fortuitous circumstance, the journey does not include any of the famous manufacturing towns, and so it is that comment arises among the party on the almost entire lack of evidence to be seen, over all these many miles, of England's mighty business that yearly swells her imports and exports to giddy figures. Once, in the distance, is seen a forest of tall chimney-stacks, sprouting apparently from the ploughed fields like some strange fungus-growths of giant proportions, but these are quickly lost below the horizon. While lunching amidst gorse in sight of luckless Selby, another road craft sweeps majestically into sight, and, by her lines, is instantly recognised as a twin sister. A kindly signal of inquiry from her if help is needed meets with "All's well," and she forges on. It is remarked how friendly people are in these parts, even carters proving anxious to give fullest passage. A smiling and homely country-side unfolds itself to the car's easy progress right up to York, where the party instantly gravitate to the mighty Minster and give rein to imaginative fancies conjured up by the superb lines and stupendous proportions of aisles and transept, chapels and nave, before leaving for a time all such transcendent works of man for the vaster creations of nature—the soul-expanding moors that indelibly impress on the mind's eye their colouring, their distances, and their grandeur.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE POWERS AND CHINA

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

RUSSIA has been compelled to present to China several strongly worded notes before securing an adequate measure of compliance with her demands. The last of these documents took the form of an ultimatum, to which was attached a three days' limit. As a consequence, a certain amount of anxiety was felt in London concerning the situation, and some business was transacted at Lloyds in insurance against war risks. When, however, six weeks ago I plainly stated that no fear of hostilities need be entertained, I was merely voicing the opinion of all those who can lay claim to any knowledge of the position of affairs in China to-day. In the conduct of foreign relations the Central Government is powerless to maintain a firm attitude, for the simple reason that at its back there is no military force such as could resist for a single day the attack of a European Power. As a means of escaping from the recurrent dilemmas in which this national weakness places her, China has no other alternative than to resort to irritating methods of subtle procrastination. Hence, as Russia recently discovered, the only known way of bringing a stubborn Wai-wu-pu to reason is that which finds abrupt expression in an ultimatum supported by a demonstration of

force. In the case of negotiations between first-class Powers, stern measures such as these would certainly justify widespread alarm. But with China in her present condition there can be no question of resistance: the judicious exertion of pressure is sufficient to induce her to adopt an attitude of compliance. While this circumstance may suit the immediate purpose of certain countries having close relations with China, the general state of governmental impotence it discloses must sooner or later shape a crisis of international concern. Nor when the various conflicting elements which have produced this utter helplessness are examined critically do we find anything calculated to allay anxiety. On the contrary, the closer the analysis the stronger grows the belief that China resembles a volcano from the crater of which may be seen emerging the ominous signs of impending eruption.

Let us at the outset frankly recognise that China has not received consistent fair play at the hands of the Powers. In 1894-5 Japan elbowed her out of Korea and compelled her to cede Formosa. Then Russia entered into military occupation of the three Eastern Provinces, at the same time forcing her to conclude a secret "alliance" which provided for joint Russian and Chinese action in defence of "mutual interests!" To restore the balance of Western power in the Far East, Germany seized Kiaochau and Great Britain hoisted her flag in Wei-hai-wei. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance followed, and it was expressly stipulated that one of the objects of this Treaty was the maintenance of China's integrity. Other Powers, in a series of agreements and understandings, affirmed the same pious principle. In 1904 Japan blazoned forth that she was going to war for the purpose of expelling Russia from Manchuria and restoring the territory to the sovereignty of China. As soon as peace was concluded all the Powers without exception again solemnly signified their determination to uphold the integrity of China. And thereupon, with indecent haste, Japan and Russia fell to dividing between themselves all that was worth having in Manchuria. This brief summary of the relations of the Powers with China during the past fifteen years does not take into account the sordid haggling which has characterised the negotiations for railway and other concessions, or the primitive measures adopted from time to time to exact indemnities whenever foreign lives or interests have been involved.

While, from the Western point of view, the ways of the Chinese in diplomacy may seem peculiar, it is equally certain that, to Chinese eyes, the methods adopted by the nations of Europe in the conduct of their foreign relations must appear utterly incomprehensible. It would indeed be difficult, if not impossible, to cite a single treaty of any importance relating to the Far East which did not set forth in pompous phraseology that its object was the preservation of the integrity of China and the maintenance of the Open Door. Yet, in spite of this lofty unanimity of disinterested motive, the Chinese Empire has been shorn of vast territories. As far as Manchuria is concerned, it may with truth be said that although the sign "Open Door" is displayed boldly enough outside its borders, owing to the presence of the Japanese and Russians, there is literally no room within, not even for the nominal owners of the region—the Chinese themselves. When, therefore, we see startling announcements to the effect that the Chinese are developing a strongly anti-foreign tendency, we ought to ask ourselves whether there is any particular reason why they should do otherwise. If we were frankly to concede that they, too, have their point of view, we would find it possible to appreciate to some extent the extraordinary difficulties with which they are beset, and thus to form a just estimate of a situation that at no time has ceased to threaten complications of world-wide significance.

The progressive forces throughout the Empire seek to accomplish the downfall of the Manchu dynasty, at whose door they lay all the blame for foreign aggression. Responding to this agitation, the Central Government not infrequently refuses, as in the case of Russia, to comply with demands that are perfectly reasonable. In the end it has no other alternative than surrender, a course which involves "loss of face" and adds fuel to the fire of internal discontent. What China lacks at present is the constructive genius of a Bismarck. Time has proved that the sending of Yuan Shih-kai into retirement deprived her of the only leader capable of inspiring the Administration with sincerity of purpose and honesty of method. Moreover, he alone among the statesmen of China possessed the requisite influence to bring about cohesion in the ranks of the reform movement so as to employ it in building up, out of the existing chaos, the structure of a healthy Government. Undisciplined, this reform movement betrays a perversion of energy in revolutionary and anti-foreign agitation. Thus is the State exposed to perils from that very patriotism which should be its safeguard.

In the circumstances it is not difficult to realise that, by reason of their own weakness, the rulers of China are placed in a peculiar predicament. In dealings with the Powers, apart altogether from considerations of the justice, or otherwise, of their cause, they are constantly compelled to pay deference to popular sentiment. Hence, while all the time well knowing that they are not backed by military force, they make a brave show of asserting their rights until the eleventh hour is at hand and surrender becomes imperative. The friends of China fear, however, lest some day her dilatory tactics in diplomacy bring disaster, and that one or other of the Powers, driven to exasperation and perhaps predisposed to make capital out of the occasion, should invade her territories. Then there is a danger, ever present, that compliance with foreign demands, whether reasonable or not, may fan into flame the widespread discontent which, from a variety of causes, has made itself manifest under the rule of the Manchu dynasty. Rebellion in China on any serious scale would call for the intervention of the Powers—a contingency which, because of international jealousies, could hardly fail to be attended with grave risk of a general conflagration. Recognising, then, their obligations to the cause of peace, it is devoutly to be hoped that the nations of the West, while sacrificing nothing of dignity in their dealings with an enfeebled China, will pursue a policy based on the principle of *noblesse oblige*, and that only in the last extreme will they resort to stern measures such as those which Russia found it necessary to employ in the crisis now happily at an end.

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

LORD ROBERTS, undoubtedly the most hard-working patriot of the century, has managed to find time to write a strong reply to the questionable arguments set forth by Sir Ian Hamilton and others in "Compulsory Service." The book is looked forward to with interest by all who have the solution of the Army problem at heart. It is promised, under the title of "Fallacies and Ideas," by Mr. John Murray at the end of the present month. Mr. Cyril Rhodes, Honorary Secretary of the Albert Committee, equally concerned with Naval welfare, has obtained a translation of the text of the German Navy law. Any one sending a stamped-addressed wrapper to him at 30, Charing-cross, S.W., will receive a free copy by return. "King Edward VII. as Sportsman" promises to be a most valuable work not only from the fact that it concerns the life of our late King, but also because of the writers who have united to compile the volume. Lord Marcus Beresford has assisted the editor, Mr.

A. E. T. Watson, with regard to the King's breeding and racing stud. Lord Ribblesdale, unfortunately prevented by his accident from writing the chapter concerning hunting, has handed over his notes to Mr. Watson. The yachting chapters are by Sir Seymour Fortescue, while the Marquess of Ripon and Lord Walsingham have written of the shooting at Sandringham. The book is to be published by Messrs. Longmans in May. The same firm also announce the autobiography of George Goschen, First Viscount Goschen, written by the Hon. Arthur Elliot, and which contains correspondence from Cobden, Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and others.

Mr. Arthur T. Dasent's work on "The Speakers of the House of Commons" will shortly appear through Mr. John Lane. It deals with the matter, however, in quite a different spirit to that in which Mr. Hilaire Belloc lately treated it in "The Party System." Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons concern themselves more with prose and poetry of classic fame than modern fiction. In their new French series will be numbered the poems of De Musset, Balzac's "Père Goriot," Châteaubriand's "Atala" and "René," and Voltaire's "Philosophy." Miss Monica Gardner's study of "Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland," Browning's "Ring and the Book," and "The Old Yellow Book," translated by Professor Charles Hodell, are also announced by this firm. Mr. M. J. Landa's work, "The Alien Problem and its Remedy," will be brought out early in April by Messrs. P. S. King. It is a close study of the Alien question treated from a new standpoint, and will undoubtedly prove of value. A rather curious book is the "Life and Letters of Sir John Hall, M.D., K.C.B.," principal Medical Officer of the Crimea, written by a Hindu, Mr. S. M. Mitra; it will be published by Messrs. Longmans. Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce a new collection of Essays and Stories by R. L. Stevenson, entitled "Lay Morals and other Papers." Messrs. Lynwood and Co. have a quite promising list of fiction, which includes "A Maid of the Malverns," by Mr. T. H. Porter, late of St. John's College, Cambridge, which concerns the times of Ben Jonson; Miss Slieve Foy's "An Unnatural Mother," a worldly story; "Love and the People," by Miss E. A. Stewart, a study of social reformers; "The Serpent," a story of Buckinghamshire, by Miss Winifred May Scott; and, though this is more fact than fiction, "The Book of the English Oak," by Mr. Charles Hurst.

Messrs. Greening are bringing out a novel on the theme of "A Fool There Was," Mr. Herbert Sleath's production at the Queen's Theatre, the author being Mr. Porter Emerson Browne. They also announce Mr. William Caine's latest effort, "The Devil in Solution"—another skit of the "Boom" type; "The Man with the Red Beard," by David White-law; "King Philip the Gay," a delicate satire upon "Zenda," by Mr. Reginald Turner; and Mr. Collins's "Four Millions a Year?" which is a question many of us think we should be able to answer without any hesitation. Little Tich, besides being an artist of the footlights, has turned his hand to the art of writing. The same firm will publish his humorous autobiography, replete with photographic illustrations. They are also issuing Miss May Wynne's latest romance, "The Master Wit," and a new "shilling shocker" by Mr. Guy Thorne, entitled "Divorce."

THE GREAT OIL OCTOPUS*

I HAVE often wondered whether there is not some curse upon oil, whether the gods do not resent man's handling of this strange product. Why else does oil arouse the

* *The Great Oil Octopus.* By *Truth's Investigator.* (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

vilest passions? Wherever we go we find the same thing. Baku is outside the influence of the Standard Oil, yet the history of that great field is the history of intrigue, dishonesty, ruin, and (of late years) battle and sudden death. There are not half a dozen successful concerns in Baku to-day. I doubt if there are three. In another Russian oilfield—Grosny—there are only two prosperous companies. In Mexico we have seen the most amusing oil war of modern times—an immense (so-called) oilfield, whose production until a few months ago was not sufficient to keep a couple of dozen railway engines running. In Burmah one company alone appears to have been able to subsist. It made large profits, but the rest have lived upon hope and fresh capital. The Dutch Indies stand out as a successful and profitable oilfield. California is prospering. Roumania and Galicia, after years of struggle and bitterness, are now moderately successful. But the failures everywhere are as the hairs of our head for number. The successes may be counted upon the fingers of our hands—Nobel, Spies, Stoop, Samuel, Deterding, Berghem, Balfour Williamson, and Rockefeller. Nature abhors excess, and the oil trade suffers from excess. Your oil comes in volumes, swamps you clean out, catches you unprepared, and drowns you and your market. When you have made all your plans and can save your oil, you find the market against you and the price falls. You must pump or die. If you cap your wells others will pump alongside you and suck your oil away. If you all pump together no one makes money. The oil trade breeds hatred, jealousy, and greed. You are obsessed by the illusion that your oil is valuable. Your imagination is inflamed by legends of the Rockefeller wealth. All your worst instincts are aroused. You hate everybody, you suspect everybody. No business has produced more violent literature. If you desire a lesson in vituperation read the screeds printed about Standard Oil—Mr. Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth and Commonwealth," Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance," the excited outpourings of Miss Ida M. Tarbell, or "The Great Oil Octopus," which is a reprint of some articles that appeared in *Truth*.

This book sets forth in detail the hideous crimes of the Standard Oil Trust. It tells us how John D. Rockefeller taught in a Sunday-school, how he did worse than teach, how he actually trained his tender offspring in the same vicious indulgence. It appears from this book that Mr. Rockefeller is a Baptist—nay, worse, "a good Baptist." This must be pretty bad. But this oil-devouring Baptist has apparently gathered round him men worse than himself. Henry H. Rogers is called "considerate, kindly, generous, helpful," "a relentless, ravenous creation, as pitiless as a shark, knowing no law of God or Man"—all in one breath! The poor man is dead. But he has been succeeded by such awe-inspiring figures as John Dustin Archbold, who has been accused of attempting to blow up his rivals and has also incurred the displeasure of Mr. Randolph Hearst. A somewhat less active villain in the piece is Henry M. Flagler, who actually built hotels along the coast of Florida, and seems, somehow or another, to have induced rich Americans to live in them. Others are mentioned, and in most cases their religion is set forth. "Many of them were Scotch Presbyterians;" one was an Irish Catholic. He also died leaving millions of ill-gotten gains. Having duly set forth the list of names, and religions, our anonymous author proceeds to warm up the old old stories of the Standard Oil, beginning with its misdeeds in 1868, and ending with a suggestion that it is now causing the revolution in Mexico.

Here we have a very fine example of Oil the demon disturbing the simple paths of literature. There is no attempt made to set forth both sides of the question. There is not the slightest sign that the author has ever been on an oilfield;

that he has studied the economy of oil transport, storage, and finance. He does not seem to realise that the Standard Oil was just as inevitable in America as Nobels were in Baku, or the Royal Dutch in the Indies. He does not understand that the cold, hard, silent Rockefeller was just as essential to the success of the effervescent oil industry as Parnell was to the wild Irishry of the 'eighties. Oil is ebullient, uncontrollable, excitable, explosive, dangerous. Rockefeller is cool, calm, saving, and sound. If he had not organised the oil industry another of the same temperament would have arisen. The oil-miner and well-sinker of the early days could never have made an organiser. He was the pioneer, with all the dash and courage of the pioneer, but not the business instinct. This Rockefeller supplied; the combine made for complete success. Our anonymous friend the author does not know that S. O. Burmah and Shell for some years lived peacefully and prosperously and that Shell itself declared war in the present crisis. He talks about the vast oilfields of Mexico, but does not know their production. He is quite unaware that in California Standard Oil lives at peace with its neighbours and competitors. A real history of the astounding Standard Oil Trust has yet to be written. Some one will write it one day when all the jealousies have died down, all the bitterness forgotten. It is the greatest business enterprise the world has ever seen. It understands the art of advertisement so well that after I had read this book I came to the conclusion that the writer must be one of those pressmen of whom he speaks so disparagingly, whose general gets £12,500 a year. There is so much clap-trap, so much bounce, and so many allusions to the marvellous genius of Standard Oil that I think "The Great Oil Octopus" must have been penned by one of the raw hands in either 26, Broadway or Queen Anne's-gate. If Mr. Usmar is responsible, I cannot congratulate him upon his choice of authors. He should at least have picked a man who knows the oil trade.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THIS has been a Rothschild week. Ever and again this great House wakes up and shows the world its power. Some of its Brazilian loans have been poorly received, but the present issue is almost like a glorified short-dated note. The yield is high and the price tempting. I am glad to see that the loan is earmarked. Those who said the money was wanted for rubber valorisation were very wrong indeed. Yet Brazil, being in funds, may divert some of the money to the Bank of Brazil and its rubber schemes. Wise, Speke and Company and Boultons, of Montenegro fame, have made an issue of 7 per cent. preference shares in a Canadian Chemical Company, whose name is too long to print. It may be left for those who have an intimate knowledge of Canadian chemicals. The Argentine vineyard promotion handled by Haes and Sons might also be disregarded. It was peculiar because the promoters were honest and admitted a loss. I hear that a market will be made, and I suggest that the shares, said to have been subscribed in the Argentine, will one day be offered here. I never knew any Argentine capitalist who took shares in one of his own companies.

There is more than enough MONEY to go round, and the Bank Rate will fall to 2½ per cent. Consols are still cheap. I notice some stupid person suggests that the bear selling of Consols should be made illegal. Under Leemans Bank Act

you are not permitted to sell short of Bank Shares, and now it is asked that Consols should be included. Some people have remarkable ideas about that hated creature the bear. He is the most useful person in the economy of our City. It is the bear who stiffens a market. Many panics have been stayed by the repurchases of bears. There is nothing so strong as a bear market or so weak as one composed of bulls. Those who buy what they cannot pay for must lose money. Those who sell what they can't deliver must buy back sooner or later. The bear almost always makes money, the bull "goes broke."

FOREIGNERS are simply stupid, for Paris thinks that the Ehrhard failure has so weakened the Parquet that at least three more Agents de Change will fail. There is no Bourse in the world with such stupid regulations as those that govern the Paris Bourse. The French are filled with pride because the other members of the Parquet have paid up the losses of their fellow members, but if the net result is to ruin three other men I fail to see the advantage. Tintos must go better because the bull account carried by Ehrhard has been got rid of.

HOME RAILS seem stronger than ever. I confess that I expected a reaction, but the investor now sees that he will not long be allowed to secure gilt-edged stocks that pay 4 per cent. and over, and he wisely buys when he can. Great Northern A "have been the feature," as the commercial reporter phrases it; they made up 51½ and they have touched 54. The speculator likes a cheap stock like this; it costs less to carry. This same type of person has also paid his unwelcome attentions to Great Centrals; the preferred made up at 29 and rose to 34. Great Eastern is another favourite of the punter, and has also risen. I think this stock will see another ten points rise. I repeat each week my story, and when all the stocks are at the very top it is just possible that my advice will be taken.

YANKEES.—I am most doubtful about the American market. It is just steady, and no more. Short-dated bills pour in upon us and are rapidly absorbed. But we are not gambling. I think we are wise. Perhaps the Wall Street plungers will sell so short in view of the Supreme Court Decision that the bankers may give a few turns to the screw and squeeze the bears. But the decision cannot be given until April 3rd, and may even be delayed a week. In the meantime, no one can lose money by keeping away from Yankee Rails, though as I write the feeling in the City is good. But when London is good Wall Street always sells upon us. They are still bullish in Montreal and New York about Can Pacs, but the rise has been carried to an extreme point.

RUBBER.—The sales fell flat. Prices dwindled, and the jobbers in the House turned round and sold short of Linggis, Vels, and all the other stocks in which there is a free market. Mr. Wickham, the father of the plantation industry, and our greatest authority on fine, hard cured Para, has been telling a Ceylon reporter one or two hard facts about plantation rubber. Pretty as it looks in its nice amber sheets, this cruel man says it is not rubber, but only a good substitute. I have always held this, and I know that the big buyers won't look at plantation. Therefore the prices must fall below that of fine hard-cured Para as soon as the quantity sent home reaches the amount required to saturate the market. But this does not mean that there will be no market for plantation. It only means that the growers will be compelled to take lower prices, which they can well afford to do. Damansara report was good, and the company will give us 400,000lb. this year and pay 100 per cent. dividend, a little under 15 per cent. return at present prices. The shares are therefore cheap. The "outside shows" are becoming more demoralised each week. Get out if you can, and never buy anything except Malay properties. This is a golden rule.

OILS have had quite a little spurt. This was probably due to the nervousness of the bears. There is vague talk of a settlement of the dispute between Standard and Shell. These wars never last very long. Spies have risen and may go higher, for the company is doing well. Mexican Eagles

are talked about, but I see no reason to buy this week. However, the whole oil market is cheerful. Do not be deluded into buying the Galician Oil Trust shares; let those who hold them keep them.

KAFFIRS.—The good feeling in the Kaffir market grows each day, and as most of the bulls have now been shaken out we may see the big houses come in and buy, to encourage the French, who have more shares than they like. The whole policy of the Rand magnates is of course to make one final grand boom, unload every share they possess, and then wish the Rand and its mines a very polite good day. But they cannot make the boom at the moment. Nevertheless it looks as though the hour were approaching.

RHODESIANS.—Here also the sick and weakly have been destroyed utterly and their shares have been annexed by lenders of money and such-like vultures who prey upon the dead and dying in the City. The Globe report was a good one. Robert Williams goes to Benguela in a few weeks, and thence to the Cape, to see how his Copper looks. The selling of Tanks has stopped for the moment. Jumbos look cheap at 10s.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Omnibus shares don't fall, notwithstanding their inflated price. The 'cute people are picking up Spiers and Pond at rubbish prices, and talk of Joe Lyons getting control. This he denies with energy. The Armament shares are all strong, and the Armstrong report is excellent. These stocks are the pick of the basket. Electric Lights are neglected, and offer the best chance of making money in the House. Cements still rise, and those who buy are both rich and confident.

EGYPT.—Salmony got up a little boom on his own last Saturday—a day always consecrated to small private demonstrations. I think that the fall in Egyptians has gone far enough, and the best shares are cheap. National Banks are good, Khedivial Mails are cheap, and if any speculative rise comes along Delta Lands must go up, not because they are intrinsically sound but because they are a good gambling counter.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

DR. ARNOT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In connection with Mr. Harris's question respecting Dr. Arnot in his article, "History and the Hearts of Kings," in the current ACADEMY, it may interest some of your readers to know that, as surgeon of the 20th Foot, Arnot was in attendance on Napoleon at St. Helena. He was a Dumfriesshire man, born in the neighbourhood of Ecclefechan, and on the gravestone that marks his place of sepulture, only a few yards separating it from that of the Carlyles, in the churchyard of the little village, it is recorded that "he was held in high esteem by the illustrious exile, whose last moments he soothed." This being so, it is a natural inference that Dr. Arnot "assisted with Dr. Antommarchi in handling the body of Napoleon."—Yours, &c.,

J. GRIGOR.

14, Crofton Road, Camberwell, March 21.

"WHEN WOMAN LOVES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In his unpleasant review of my new novel, "When Woman Loves," in your issue dated March 25th, your critic declares "in one portion the reader is left in doubt as to whether Mr. Hoskins was unpacking the chorus of a famous opera from his bag or singing the refrain while the bag was being unpacked."

Here is the sentence to which he refers:—"Upstairs she (his landlady, Mrs. Sloane) could hear Mr. Hoskins singing while he unpacked, 'The Soldiers' Chorus' from 'Faust.'"

Now if he were not "singing the refrain while the bag was being unpacked," Mrs. Sloane in another room must have been

able to tell what books her master was unpacking upstairs—without seeing them—a remarkable feat of telepathy!

Apart from all this, the mistake would of course be utterly impossible to any one acquainted with the ordinary use of the comma in English prose.

That my book has left your critic "unentertained," that he considers the plot "poor," the characters "miserably-drawn," proves nothing except that we are out of sympathy with each other. All this is fair comment, but a false charge of careless, illiterate writing I feel may be replied to without laying oneself open to the charge of over-sensitiveness.

RATHMELL WILSON.

Rupert Street, W., March 24th.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—No accusation of illiteracy was made against Mr. Rathmell Wilson; I desired to point out that his ideas of sequence in composition are not those which are generally accepted, and that his sense of the possibilities of the English language might have been keener.

THE REVIEWER.

"THAN WHOM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In considering the case of the relative pronoun preceded by "than" (ACADEMY, March 11th), it seems strange that no reference has ever been made to other languages than English. In Latin, for example, when a comparison is instituted "than" is frequently followed by the ablative; thus—

Scimus solem majorem esse terrâ

or

Scimus solem majorem terrâ

are both grammatical, and Cicero writes

Amicitia, quâ nihil melius habemus,

the effect of the rule being to place the second member of the comparison in the ablative—a result that seems both just and logical, seeing that the second member is certainly subordinate to the first.

There can, I think, be little doubt that when Milton wrote

Which when Beelzebub perceived—than whom,

Satan except, none higher sat—with grave

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed

A pillar of state—"Paradise Lost," ii., 299-302)

the poet was influenced by the Latin idiom, as in other instances throughout that poem; and that, had he undertaken to translate the passage into Latin, he would have rendered "than whom" by *quod*.

Is it not more natural to hear people in ordinary conversation—that is, outside of purely literary and Parliamentary circles—say "better than me," "older than her," rather than "better than I," "older than she," inasmuch as the latter expressions are often apt to sound more or less affected, pedantic, and lacking in euphony? What, indeed, is the essential difference between the two colloquialisms—"He is considered a better musician than me" and "As a musician he is to be preferred to me"? The French have clearly divined the difference, for they call the first "me" a *complément direct*, and the second a *complément indirect*, if I am not mistaken.

This, however, is a question that is not likely to be settled solely by rules of grammar arbitrarily enforced; so that a wide dissimilarity will always exist between spoken and written English.

N. W. H.

New York, March 21.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

Nina. By Rosaline Masson. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

A Rogue in Ambush. By Headon Hill. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.

Dead Man's Love. By Tom Gallon. Illustrated. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.

Lealie's Lovers. By Anne Warner. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

Mrs. Elmsley. By Hector Munro. Constable and Co. 6s.

Geoffrey Sanclair. By Horace Caradoc. Constable and Co. 6s.

Dick Comerford's Wager. By A. P. Crouch. Robert Scott. 6s.
The Jewess. By Mulvy Onseley. John Onseley. 6s.
Some Happenings of Glendalynne. By Dorothea Conyers.
 Hutchinson and Co. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

The Mediaeval Mind: A History of the Development of Thought and Emotion in the Middle Ages. By Henry Osborn Taylor. 2 vols. Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.
Revolutionary Ireland and Its Settlement. By the Rev. Robert H. Murray. Litt.D. With an Introduction by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, D.D., C.V.O. Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.
Dr. Henry Coward, the Pioneer Chorus-Master. By J. A. Rodgers. Illustrated. John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.
"Pie-Powder," being Dust from the Law Courts, Collected and Recollected on the Western Circuit. By a Circuit Tramp. John Murray. 5s. net.
The Lord Chancellors of Scotland, from the Institution of the Office to the Treaty of Union. By Samuel Cowan, J.P. 2 vols. With Portraits. W. and A. K. Johnston. 21s. net.
The Book of Ceremonial Magic, including the Rites and Mysteries of Goëtic Theurgy, Sorcery, and Infernal Necromancy. By Arthur Edward Waite. Illustrated. Wm. Rider and Son. 15s. net.
Canada and the Empire. By W. R. Lawson. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.
The Life of Field-Marshal Sir Frederick Paul Haines. By Robert S. Bait. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.
A History of the New England Fisheries. By Raymond McFarland, A.M. With Maps. D. Appleton and Co., New York. \$2.
Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico. Edited by F. W. Hodge. Part II. Illustrated. Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S.A.
Elkanah Settle, His Life and Works. By F. C. Brown. Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.
The Amazing Duchess: Being the Romantic History of Elizabeth Chudleigh, Maid of Honour, the Hon. Mrs. Hervey, Duchess of Kingston, and Countess of Bristol. By Charles E. Pearce. 2 vols. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 24s. net.
Talleyrand the Man. From the French of "La Vie Privée de Talleyrand" by Bernard de Lacombe. Translated by A. D'Alberti. Illustrated. Herbert and Daniel. 15s. net.
Eastern Asia: a History. By Ian C. Hannah, M.A. The Second Edition of "A Brief History of Eastern Asia," entirely rewritten. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
London Clubs, their History and Treasures. By Ralph Nevill. Illustrated. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.
Le Origini del Canto Popolare in Calabria: Note Critiche. By Professor Ida Pia Tucci. With a Preface by Fanny Zampini Salazar. Office of "Il Giornale di Calabria," Cosenza, Italy. 3 lire.
Rachel: her Stage Life and her Real Life. By Francis Gribble. With Portraits. Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.
The Militant Suffrage Movement: Emancipation in a Hurry. By Teresa Billington-Greig. Frank Palmer. 2s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Marriage and Divorce: Some Needed Reforms in Church and State. (Woman Citizen Series. No. I.). By Cecil Chapman. Metropolitan Magistrate. David Nutt. 2s. net.
A History of British Mammals. (Part V.) By Gerald E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, F.Z.S. Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson. Gurney and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.
Abnormal Psychology. By Isador H. Coriat, M.D. Wm. Rider and Son. 5s. net.
Victoria and Albert Museum Guides: The Salting Collection. Illustrated. H.M. Stationery Office. 4d.
The World of Dreams. By Havelock Ellis. Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
Shady Gardens. By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S. Illustrated. London Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d.
Adventure, Sport and Travel on the Tibetan Steppes. By W. N. Fergusson, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 16s. net.
The Theory and Practice of Trade Unionism. By J. H. Greenwood, B.Sc. With a Preface by Sidney Webb. A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.
Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," adapted for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools. By Elsie Fogerty. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 6d. net.
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Charlotte Corday: Tragédie en Cinq Actes. By François Ponsard. With Notes, &c. Macmillan and Co. 1s.

THEOLOGY

Die Religion Babylonien und Assyrien. By Morris Jastrow, Jun. Alfred Töpelmann, Giessen. 1m. 50pf.
Forms of Prayer, with Thanksgiving to Almighty God. Commended by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York for general use on 22nd June, 1911. S.P.C.K. 1d.
The Ever-Coming Kingdom of God: a Discussion on Religious Progress. By Bernhard Duhm, D.D. Translated by Dr. A. Duff. A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.

VERSE

The Border of the Lake. By Agnes Lee. Sherwan, French and Co., Boston, U.S.A. \$1 net.

PERIODICALS

London Diocese Book for 1911; Official Year-book of the Church of England; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Top-Notch; Revue Bleue; Ainlee's Magazine; Peru To-day; Good Health; Modern Language Teaching; Atlantic Monthly; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; Windsor Magazine; Cambridge University Reporter; The Triad; Book-Prices Current, Part II., 1911; The Economic Journal; Literary Digest; Social Guide, 1911; The Child; The Antiquary; Everybody's Story Magazine; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Boy's Own Paper.

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